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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 823. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by W. CHARLES PILLEY

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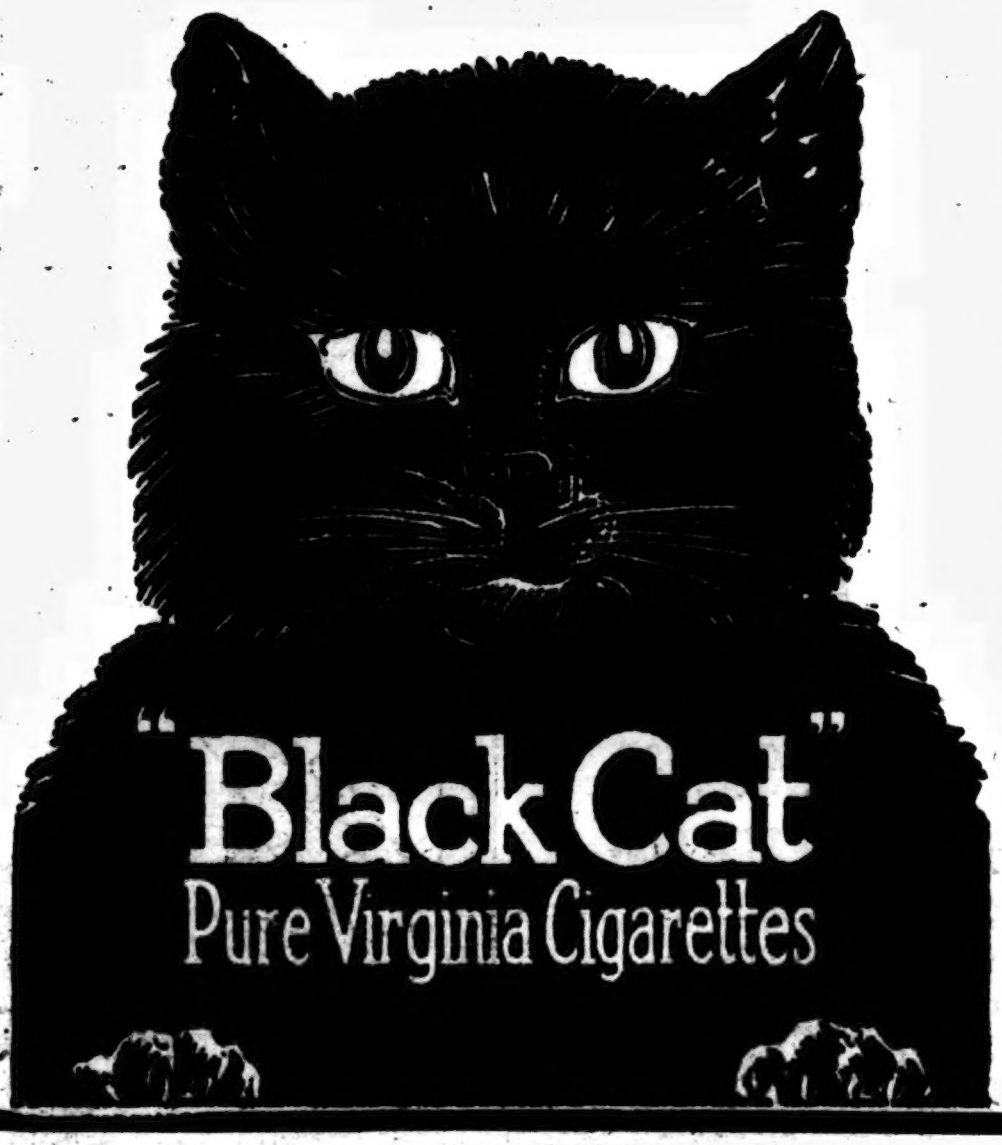

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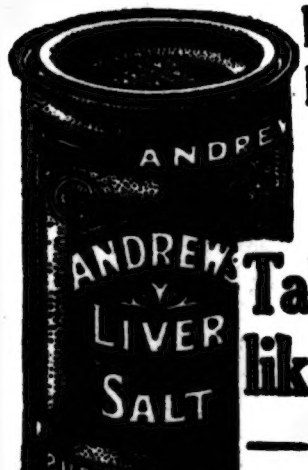

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They can be exchanged, free of any charge, for this Andrews' coloured Tooth Brush, Lid Opener, Scoop measure and Stirrer; and for other useful Free Gifts. (See other announcements for full particulars.)

Taking Andrews' is very like brushing your teeth

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You use your toothbrush not to make unsound teeth whole again, but to keep your teeth sweet, clean and sound. It is very like that with Andrews': a great proportion of those Andrews' users who make Andrews' the "largest-sale-online," take it at tooth-brush time, occasionally, daily sometimes, or otherwise at *regular* intervals (according to how their constitutions indicate) to aid in maintaining fitness and correct internal functioning.

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JOHN BULL

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Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier

Vol. XXXI. No. 829. Week ending Saturday, April 22nd, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day]

Our Big Surprise.

In the course of the next fortnight details of the Big Surprise we announced last week will be in the hands of our readers. Arrangements are in prospect which will establish JOHN BULL without a rival as the world's premier weekly journal. So keep watching.

The Political Situation.

According to the inspired organs of the Press, there is to be no reduction of the Income Tax, no revision of the beer duty, and no relief from the twopenny post. But the Prime Minister is having quite a nice time in Italy, so why worry?

The New Battle Cry.

As we expected, the Soviet delegates whom Mr. Lloyd George invited to Genoa are using the Conference as a platform from which to expound their revolutionary aims and methods. And when it is all over, the Prime Minister will come back home and ask the country for a "mandate" to crush the Bolshevist conspiracy against the British Constitution. As the proverb states, "Consistency is the virtue of fools."

A Plucky Parson.

The Vicar of St. Jude-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden City, the Rev. Basil G. Bourchier, M.A., intends shortly to summon a conference of his parishioners and ask them point-blank "Why the Church leaves them either cold or bored." Perhaps if the reverend gentleman can find no satisfactory answer, he will refer to us. We will try not to be rude.

Who'd Have Thought It?

The latest news from "dry" America is that "the State of New York is in the throes of a crime wave of unparalleled dimensions." Poor Pussyfoot!

Truculent Teachers.

We congratulate the Derby Magistrates who have had the courage smartly to fine a local schoolmaster for brutally thrashing one of his pupils. In many of the State schools the practice of flogging is much too prevalent, the tribe of Wackford Squeers being by no means extinct.

A Great Man.

The death of Mr. Thomas Burt, the first real Labour man to sit in the House of Commons, recalls the concise description he once gave of his education as having been obtained "through two years' attendance at village schools and half a century of reading and continuous intercourse with men." Few have graduated with more distinction from the University of Life.

Blowing his Trumpet.

It is said that a quarter of a million of the pamphlets, "The Democrat of Downing Street," belauding Mr. Lloyd George, have been distributed during the past week or two. May we enquire who paid for them?

The Love Child.

The Home Secretary must be kept up to his promise to introduce after the Easter recess a short measure providing that an illegitimate child whose parents subsequently marry shall be "deemed to have been born in lawful wedlock." Anything to mitigate the barbarity of the present hatefully named Bastardy Laws!

LAST WEEK!

CUP FINAL

£1,000

MUST BE WON.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Wireless Osculation.

The latest news from America is that it has been found possible to transmit kisses by wireless telephony. Not very satisfying, perhaps, but as a scientific discovery worthy of more than passing note. What next, we wonder!

India and Japan.

It seems that the gallant little Japs have given the Prince of Wales a right royal welcome. Among nations, as between individuals, it is sometimes easier to get on with friends than with relations.

A Loss to the Commons.

We congratulate the Peers upon the accession to their ranks of Earl Balfour of Whittingehame. But it is a pity a man cannot accept the Garter without having an unwanted title thrust upon him. That "Sir Arthur" was too terrible for words.

Labour and the Army.

Surely the reform of Army discipline and the abolition of degrading punishments should be a main plank in the platform of the Labour Party. We never could understand why Tommy Atkins was the only "working-man" to be overlooked by the Labour politicians. Perhaps Mr. Clynes will explain.

Now, George!

Our good friend Sir Harry Lauder tells us that it will be many years before he can find time to stand for Parliament. At the moment we have no inkling of the intentions of Mr. George Robey, but any infusion of new blood which will enliven the proceedings of the House of Commons is to be welcomed.

A Tenacious Advocate.

It is a little unfortunate that Sir Henry Curtis Bennett's first big murder defence should have been one of insuperable difficulty. Still, our learned friend has the courage of a bull-dog, and will assuredly live to fight another day.

A Wonderful Speech.

The surprise of the Armstrong trial was the masterly closing speech for the prosecution of the Attorney-General. Seldom in the annals of forensic oratory has this effort been surpassed. And no one expected it of Sir Ernest Pollock.

A Fervent Feminist.

According to a feminist writer in the *Daily Mail*, "Woman is playing her part in politics with an inspiring faith." But if we are to believe the electoral statistics, only about one woman in three takes the trouble to walk to the polling booth. "Facts," as Artemus Ward remarked, "is stubborn things."

The Vogue of Spats.

We have learned from a recent speech of Sir William Davison why so many members of the House of Commons wear spats. It is because of the draughts that circulate on the floor of the Chamber, chilling the ankles of our faithful legislators. Until now we had always been afraid that it was because so many of them suffered constitutionally from "cold feet."

The Murder Mania.

So the police have been compelled to release Frederick Sheppard, who was wrongly held to have confessed to the murder of poor Mrs. Blake at Gallows Tree Common. When does Scotland Yard propose to test our theory that these murders of defenceless women are the work of "a second Jack the Ripper" still at large?

An Overdue Reform.

By the way, we are glad to notice that the boy Jack Hewitt, now charged with the murder of Mrs. Blake, is to be properly defended owing to the generosity of a wealthy lady. But for this happy intervention, there would have been insuperable difficulties in the way of his obtaining skilled legal assistance, and once again we should have had a cruel example of the need for a Public Defender.

Poor Mrs. Wintringham!

We see that Mrs. Wintringham, M.P., has been complaining that she is so busy with her Parliamentary duties as to have no time for shopping. Perhaps the lady will now sympathise with some of her constituents who find themselves in a similar position through the operation of the Early Closing Act, without the advantage of having anyone to do the shopping for them while they are at work.

Doubtful.

"The sick poor probably receive better treatment in hospital than the rich man in his house: the docker in that respect is better off than the duke," says Viscount Burnham. Now, if the docker had said this it might have carried some weight. First-hand information is always best.

Forgetful.

The 75 per cent. increase in railway fares above the pre-war rates was made in order to meet the increased demand in wages. As the railwayman's pay has been reduced by 17s. a week since April, 1921, is it not time to return to normal fares? Coal has come down in price and running expenses have been reduced.

The Beast of Bolsover.

The foulest of all crimes, that which rouses unspeakable indignation and horror in every normal mind, was committed by Thomas Steele, an incestuous beast who lives at Bolsover, on his own little daughter Gertrude, a child of nine years. Persons who are capable of committing—or even of attempting such outrages—are among the most dangerous of sexual maniacs. Yet the complacent Magistrates merely sentenced the creature to four months' hard labour. If he had been a desperate "out-of-work" who had committed a theft, he would have got a year or more in prison. How long are these intolerable scandals to endure?

Better—But Not Best.

However, our campaign against the utterly inadequate sentences imposed for the shameful sin of incest has not been without effect. During the last week, one old reprobate of sixty-four has been given eighteen months' hard labour for repeated offences against his daughter, and another has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude. We hope the time will come when such scoundrels are dealt with in a way which will render the repetition of the offence impossible.

Foreigners for Fish.

"By encouraging foreign fishermen," writes a Billingsgate reader, "our Government is killing our home markets, increasing the poverty among our own fishermen, and hungering our women and children. The Germans realise that our money is of more value than theirs; consequently they can afford to sell their fish cheaper here and then show a good profit when they take our money to their own country." Britain has no need of German fish. It has an abundance of its own.

Communism in the Schools.

We have already drawn attention on several occasions to the revolutionary doctrines taught to quite young children in secular Sunday Schools. It comes as a shock to learn that similar Bolshevistic principles are being inculcated in the minds of scholars attending certain Council Schools. For instance, one of the female teachers at the Central Schools, Port Talbot, Glamorgan, has confessed to having told her pupils that wherever they see the Union Jack they will always find a prison beneath it, and that a Capitalist is a man who uses their father's strength, and when this is finished throws him on the road. More will be heard of this.

A Matter of Life and Death.

Four cases of inefficient ambulance service, coming immediately after one another, have stirred the London public to a high pitch of indignation. That there should be only six ambulances operating within the 117 square miles comprised in the L.C.C. area is preposterous. And there were 20,000 calls registered during the past year. Words fail us.

Why?

Money awarded as compensation may not be of much use to a dead woman, but if her relatives wish to honour her memory by placing a tombstone over her remains, there seems no reason why they should not spend a little of the cash in that way. Yet Judge Herbert Smith, at the Norwich County Court, refused to allow an application for £9, out of compensation awarded, for a gravestone over the body of a nurse who had died from blood poisoning contracted at the local hospital. The relatives were not proposing to spend the amount on a banquet for their own enjoyment—and it was not his money, anyway.

Would you like Your Grocery Bills Paid?

When buying groceries this week, don't forget that "EVERYWOMAN'S" is rewarding shopping skill by paying grocery bills!

For particulars see "EVERYWOMAN'S"—the ideal weekly for the thinking woman—2d.

The Babies' Bugbear.

There is bound to be much sympathy with Mrs. Green, of Bath, who has boldly declared that in future all her children's homework and spelling-books will be burned. The lady packs them all off to bed at seven o'clock. The position of the authorities is interesting. The law enables them to insist upon the children attending school, but it does not, thank goodness, enable them to exercise control over the kiddies once they are out of it.

Standing Room Only.

Summonses were issued against the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Stratford recently, for allowing people to stand in the gangways. If the inspector who gave evidence in this case were to look around, he would find the same conditions nightly in almost every picture house in London. Although there are usually plenty of emergency exits in case of fire, this custom of blocking the aisles would render them almost useless. Why are not the by-laws regulating overcrowding enforced? "It is better to be safe than sorry."

A Weary Wait.

"O, Paradise! O, Paradise! 'tis weary waiting here"; so runneth the old hymn. What reminds us of it at the moment is the will of the late Mr. Charles Taylor, master mariner of Edinburgh, who has left a bequest of £38,000 to accumulate until it reaches £100,000, to provide a soup kitchen to be called the Sailors' Ark. Though it is written that everything comes to him who waits, it does strike us that 30 years is a long time to wait for the soup. Soup deferred maketh the heart sick. In any event, to give effect to the will the law against what are called "perpetuities" will have to be set aside.

Frosty.

Mr. Cyril Maude, the actor-manager, has noticed something—namely, that some London theatres are so badly heated that people have to sit through the play in their overcoats. He is as right as right can be. Some theatres are as great a frost as the plays produced in them.

All in the Swim.

There is joy in Wigan, which is somewhere in Lancashire, not far fra Owdham. The cause thereof is that the Town Council has approved a proposal to permit mixed bathing in the baths. Hilarious times are ahead therein; but it should be distinctly understood that Councillor Clarke will not be in the swim.

Spooks.

The Occult Committee of St. George's Hall "Magic Circle" will early next month detail their findings with respect to "the methods adopted to obtain spirit photographs." Say what they will, and demonstrate what they will, they will never convince unconvincable people like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that the photographs are not genuine. The man who produces spirit photographs for the delectation of spiritualists is always a faker. Any expert photographer can produce them; but only spiritualistic impostors live out of them.

The Bane of Borstal.

Referring to the case of Christina Nias, of Fitzalan Street, Kennington, "one of four attractive-looking young women said to have formed an organised gang of thieves," we should like to know the result of the inquiries of the Old Street Magistrate into her allegation that "following her release from Borstal, she lost her employment through being visited." As the Magistrate said in remanding the young woman, "if this sort of thing were to go on it would be very serious." We put it that if such practices are carried on the Home Secretary should stop them.

More Pussyfoot.

The pussyfoot fanatics of Gloucester have managed to get rescinded the Order by which the local Justices exempted licensed houses from closing during the Saturday Market, which they treated as a "special occasion." There being no other place than the Market and no other day than Saturday for it, if the assembling of hundreds of dealers for many miles around is not a "special occasion"—what is? Yet the water-worshippers have succeeded in denying the thirsty folk reasonable refreshment, because the market, though important, is "regular" and not "special."

Barrow Buryings.

The Vicar of Saint Mark's, Barrow, is a very glad man. He says in his Parish Magazine that he is always "glad"—to conduct funerals at the Church and at the Cemetery of those who have really belonged to and have worshipped in the Church, and those whom he has been asked to visit in their last illness. *But* he does not think he ought to be asked to take the funerals of those who have never entered the Church when they were alive. The irreverent might say that he is ashamed to introduce them to God—without a pew-rent receipt!

Watch JOHN BULL each week for a remarkable announcement soon.

The Shipyards Strike.

The *Laconia* and *Andania*, two great liners of the Cunard Company, are to be sent abroad for completion, owing to the shipyard strike, and it is possible that another large vessel, the *Ansonia*, may shortly follow them. There was a time when Britain was the "Workshop of the World," and proud of her enormous exports, but with two millions of idle hands it is a grim joke that one of her exports of to-day should be—work!

Pay by the "Clock."

Francis Jones, a taxi-driver of Swansea, may be satisfied with rather less than 400 per cent. over-charge in future. A fare hired him recently and was driven one mile, Jones demanding 5s. for the luxury of his gas-chariot. A fine of 40s. and 20s. expenses for a witness may teach this greedy super-taxi gent a little moderation. And the public might easily put down much of this impudent piracy if the law were invoked on every such occasion.

Cherishing the Orphan.

With a beautiful home and adequate income, Mrs. John Wilson Whitley, of Scunthorpe, kept her own two children in excellent condition. But the little motherless lad of her husband's former marriage was so treated that a doctor said he resembled a "famine child," the skin which stretched over the protruding ribs and bones being covered with sores, swellings and scars from many merciless beatings. The inhuman female well deserved the nine months' hard labour awarded at Lincoln Sessions, though the brutal father who aided and abetted her was too lightly let off with four months.

The Duty of the Finder.

Mrs. Annie Watson, 37, of Shardeloes Road, New Cross, was charged with "stealing by finding" a gold bracelet set with an opal and diamonds, valued at £25. Mr. Disney, the Greenwich Magistrate, told her that the finder of an article who took no steps to discover the owner was guilty of an offence; which is true to so limited an extent that it amounts almost to a misstatement. The only onus on the finder is to hand the article to a policeman or to take it to the station, when it becomes the duty of the force to seek out the owner. Nor is it generally known that should the article remain unclaimed for a reasonable period it becomes the property of the finder.

Cross Key-Owners.

A few years ago Great Wyrley, Staffordshire, came into unpleasant prominence as the scene of a series of horse maimings. To-day the same town promises to become humorously notorious as the place where everybody's key fits everybody else's front door. That, at any rate, is the fact so far as concerns the bungalow colony of fifty residences erected under the Ministry of Health scheme. There may be a certain sense of security in the thought that if one loses one's key a duplicate can be borrowed. But at the same time there must be a certain sense of insecurity in the knowledge that there are forty-nine other keys in the neighbourhood by which access to one's house may be gained. The inhabitants of the colony don't like it, and we don't blame them.

Killjoys and Sunday Buses.

At a recent meeting of Lincoln City Council, the "unco guid" element all but succeeded in preventing buses being available for hire on Sundays for journeys outside the city. The prime mover in the opposition was the owner of a motor cycle and side car, which he uses on Sunday. But the majority of the smug killjoys who opposed seemed to be more concerned about the buses affecting the chars-a-bancs' takings than with any matter of high principle.

Insurance Benefits Extension.

One of the National Health Insurance rules provides that the recipient of sickness and disablement benefit must not be absent from home between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. From May to September, however, the hours are extended to 9 p.m. A Maidstone reader points out how beneficial it would be, now "Summer Time" is in force again, if the extra hour of fresh air of which disabled men are now deprived as the rules stand were allowed. The rules of the Friendly Societies, which are similarly framed, might also be altered to meet the case.

Billy was late home

Billy always was. Midnight had chimed and his girl-w fe waited in vain. And his was married life after six months!

"HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND"

is one of the six long, comple e fil n stories in "PICTURES" on sale Apri 20 price 1/-. If you love film fiction you must buy this number

The End of the Journey.

Although certain reforms have been effected in connection with the worn-out horse traffic with Belgium, we have grave reasons to suspect that the deplorable trade is still the excuse for a great deal of cruelty across the Channel. Many of the decrepit animals shipped to Flanders are bought ostensibly for work, but actually for butchery—being beaten to death with iron hammers or slain with the stabbing knife. It should not be beyond our power to stop this scandal.

Only His Wife.

The leniency of some Magistrates is almost as reprehensible as the brutality of some of the savages who profit by it. Thomas Cross, 27, formerly a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, has frequently assaulted his wife, and the other day he knocked her down and kicked her in a vital part, while the blackguard's brother looked on, deaf to the woman's appeal for protection. At the South-Western Police Court, Mr. Fry sent Cross to prison for 10 weeks. The fellow deserved as many months, with the brother to keep him company.

Heavily Handicapped.

"S'no use"! as Harry Weldon would say; Sir Hamar Greenwood will never make a satisfactory Government official. He has a heart in his body as well as brains in his head. The husband of Mrs. M'Neil, of Bloemfontein Road, Shepherd's Bush, was murdered in London by members of the Irish Republican Army, since when the family has been financially embarrassed. Sir Hamar has been importunate in his efforts to get compensation for the widow, and the Deputy Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary has now been instructed to make her a grant of £100. We fear that Sir Hamar has done for himself.

A Truculent Boss.

Thomas Douglas, a Scotch farmer, of Gatehousecote, Roxburgh, seems to be under the impression that feudalism is still in fashion. Having a dispute over entering a cottage of his shepherd, William Park, this irascible lord of creation beat Park on the face with a hunting crop. As Douglas had been twice convicted of assault, being merely fined, the Sheriff came to the sound conclusion that 30 days in jail was the only cure for this truculent boss; nobody would object if Douglas got a prison "crop" in exchange for the one he used as a weapon.

Magistrates, Take Note.

2,314 persons were killed through motor accidents in the United Kingdom last year. In view of this we may divide humanity into three classes: those who drive motors, those who get out of their way and those who fail to escape the onrush of the speed maniac. True, some accidents are due to the law of average in conjunction with the human elements of imperfection and misjudgment. But far more are due to criminal carelessness—which, be it noted, is a positive rather than a negative offence. May we presume to ask the Magistrates, once more, to take a more serious view of the menace of the reckless driver, be he rich or poor, on business or pleasure?

Sent Back "Home."

Edwards Watkins, 27, has as little regard for the honour of women as he has for the wordly possessions of men. He pleaded guilty at the Middlesex Sessions to obtaining various sums of money by means of worthless cheques. Though already a married man, a second ceremony had been arranged to take place on the very day of his arrest. Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., said the girl had had a wonderful escape from a cruel wrong; and he sentenced the prisoner—an old offender, who came out of gaol only in February last—to three years' penal servitude. Watkins is just the stamp of man prisons are built for, and the longer such as he can be kept within stone walls the better it will be for the womanhood of the nation.

No Judge of Dogs.

Judge Graham, of Bow, is evidently in agreement with the old saw that a dog is entitled to a bite; though if ever his Honour is fated to find one hanging by the teeth to the judicial probsocis, we fancy he will change his mind in a hurry. The owner of a bull-terrier sat in a public-house with the animal upon his lap. Another customer, more waggish than wise, approached the dog and remarked: "You wouldn't bite me, would you?" Whereupon the beast flew at him, and hung on to his nose till somebody came forward and forced its jaws apart with a key. "You got what you expected," the Judge declared, and decided in favour of the defendant. In the circumstances, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that the decision was a wrong one. Granted it is foolish to interfere with strange dogs, yet most animal-lovers do it. And, after all, a public-house is a house for the public, not a playground for snapping and snarling beasts.

staggering—Stupendous—Marvellous—JOHN BULL'S big surprise.

WHY THE CHURCHES ARE FAILING.

By the REV. BASIL G. BOURCHIER, M.A.

[The Rev. Basil G. Bourchier, Vicar of Hampstead Garden Suburb, is a brilliant preacher, who—though he personally has no reason to complain of scanty congregations—in this article deals vigorously with the causes of apathy on the part of Church men and women, and points out the practical remedy.]

THE vast majority of people to-day are frankly bored with Religion. They have no use or room either for God, clergyman, or Church. Quite eighty per cent. never enter a place of worship, unless it is to be married or to attend a funeral. If it could be demonstrated before a representative crowd at a Cup-tie Final that there is no God, no heaven and no hell, it would evoke no interest. The speaker would be howled down, and the clamour would be to get on with the match. Which, whilst undeniably true, is a very serious state of affairs. Accordingly I shall proceed to examine the widespread charge that the Church, using that word in its widest possible sense, has badly failed; and at the same time I shall endeavour to suggest a remedy.

From Outside.

Why, when religion is mentioned, are most people "frankly bored"? I will begin by asserting the Church of to-day is far too popular; but it is a popularity born, not of regard, but of indifference and contempt. We clergy are tempted to choose the primrose path, to lead respectable lives, to be well-spoken of by everyone, and above all to be "safe" men. Not to play the safety game is to court failure, or be dubbed a fanatic. The Prophets of old were stoned, whereas "our esteemed Vicar" is presented with an address and a silver salver. I have them myself. We talk of the "Church militant," but the phrase is merely an empty one. The Carpentier punch is lacking. There is profound truth in Spurgeon's witticism about our having put off the old man and having put on the old woman. The ancient spirit of venture has departed, and a Church that ventures nothing wins nothing. Ask any hundred men to describe a metaphor of the Church, and I guarantee that ninety of them will compare it to a river, meandering placidly along its course, beautiful to look at, but too feeble to get in anyone's way. Whereas the original Church burst in upon the world with all the force of Niagara. The primitive Church recognised the paramount importance of the body as well as the soul. And here, if I am not mistaken, I touch on the root-cause of the failure of the Church from outside. The Church has never asked the question, "By what right is one class enormously rich and the other miserably poor?" or "Why does this Christian employer, who in his private life is so given to religious and philanthropic work, follow strictly the cruel customs of the trade in dealing with his employees?" or "Why do Bishops so often vote against any proposed social reform?" or "Why are the people who go to Church and Chapel so little better in their lives, whether private or commercial, than those who never go?" or "Why, if this is a Christian country, do some have half-a-dozen houses and others can't find a couple of rooms?" In other words, the Church has never troubled itself about the vexed social problems of this life, and never set itself the noble task of solving them on lines of justice and brotherly love, with the result that the vast majority of the working-classes give the Church a wide berth. I defy you to say that there is any sphere of human life which has not its religious side. Is there any problem of our social and economic life the issues of which are not both spiritual and moral? The stye as often makes the pig as the pig the stye. We need better houses for the people every bit as much as we need better people for the houses. Take, for example, the drunkard. The miserable home, the uncertainty of employment, long hours, bad food, want of recreation, the utter sense of hopelessness as to the future—and then we have the temerity or insolence to hold up what we think are righteous hands as he staggers across our path, "blind to the world"! If a man has got to live in hell, he naturally prefers to live there drunk rather than sober. Then there are the unemployed. Not a very attractive lot, are they? And yet—and yet—lest you forget! they are what we have made them. Broken in body and spirit by the war, hungry, bootless and jobless—they parade our streets the products of our civilization. Are you surprised if such as these are not wildly keen for religion? Would you be yourself? Take, again, the sweated industries. We delight to boast that there is no slavery under the British flag. Yet there are thousands who, nominally free, are not so well treated, clothed and fed as are many actual slaves. "Don't ask," said Thoreau, "how your bread is buttered. Maybe it will make you sick if you do." No Church can turn a blind eye to these things with impunity. My point is this—that if, as we claim, Christianity be the message of God for the whole of life, it must have something to say to everything that affects that life. No man need be afraid of missing heaven in seeking here a better earth. The would-be saint needs to realise that he must be a citizen first. Have you ever thought what sort of a Christian you would be if you had a wife and family to keep on a couple of pounds a week with present-day prices?

From Within.

Let us now turn our eyes inside the Church, and it is to find that not only has there been failure to attract and draw in the masses from without, but not less has there been inability to retain and hold those who once were safe within. Is there no significance in the fact that in the ranks of the ministry of the Established Church there is at the present moment a shortage of over 3,000 men? Add to this the familiar, if melancholy, spectacle of Churches only half or a quarter filled. What is the explanation? What is wrong? I reply—our methods of presenting Christianity are all at fault. A sensible presentation of our Faith will always compel attention. The Church may fairly be regarded as a huge business. Its "goods" are the best possible, but oh! its salesmen (the clergy) and its advertisers (the laity). Was ever any great concern served by such amateurish inefficiency. Uniformity in religion has been proved impossible. But we have not come yet to the chief cause of failure—which is this: the refusal of the Church to move with the times. Whilst all other departments of public life, notably that of science, have shown signs of progression, the Church alone has remained stationary.

The Old Order Changeth.

Could anything be more absurd than to suppose that this 20th century will be content in the matters of religion to speak the language or think the thoughts of the 4th, 6th, or 17th century? It is absolutely impossible to express to-day's faith in yesterday's language. What is heterodox to-day as likely as not will be orthodox to-morrow. The whole history of Christianity is that of Development. There can be no "last phase" or finality as regards the eternal Truth. Not that the Truth itself changes, but the method of presenting it. To talk the language of Calvin, or Augustine, or Spurgeon to-day is as hopeless as expecting your daughter to attend a modern jazz dance wearing her grandmother's crinoline! No, the Church, if it is to attract, must keep abreast with, if not a little ahead of, modern thought. Rightly interpreted and consistently followed, the Christian Faith gives the vision and the power for solving every problem of to-day. In the light of its fundamental principles the constitution of society, the conduct of industry, the upbringing of children, national and international politics, the personal relations of men and women—must all be tested. Of all present-day mischievous agencies in our midst, I regard the proletarian schools as the worst. Derision of God and scorn for one's own country are of all offences two of the most unnatural and abhorrent to right-minded men. We have reached the parting of the ways. Religion is on its trial. Christianity to-day is suffering from lack of personal recommendation. The early Church expanded in large measure because each convert became a convert-maker. If, therefore, the Church has failed, the laity are every bit as much to blame as the clergy. The clergy can do much. They can greatly enhance the attractiveness of their services. Greater variety, more simplicity and deeper reality are needed. Above all, let them preach a human and up-to-date gospel. We are suffering the reaction of the war. The Press, the Stage, and the Church have become equally the world's pulpits. If I may vary the original, "Now abideth the Church, the Stage and the Press, these three, but the greatest of these is—the Press." But the clergy can do little without the laity, any more than Haig or Beatty could have done without the rank and file. If the Church is to prosper, it is essential that there should be whole-hearted co-operation between the pulpit and the pew.

Staggering—Stupendous—Marvellous— JOHN BULL'S Big Surprise!

RATS!

TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT TOTTENHAM.

If ever any place needed the attentions of a piper, pied or otherwise, possessed of the powers of the rat-master of Hamelin, famous in song and story, it is the Tewkesbury district of Tottenham, one of the poorest divisions of that populous locality. It is chiefly inhabited by the humbler class of workers whose dwellings are not only shamefully neglected and dangerously insanitary but are overrun and undermined by swarms of the filthiest, most destructive and pestiferous of the rodent tribe—the sewer rat.

FROM DITCH TO DWELLING.

Undoubtedly the prime factor in the horrifying prevalence of these noxious creatures is the open ditch that runs between the Midland Railway track to Southend and the rear of the long row of cottages housing the chief sufferers from the plague. This noisome water-course may be described as the rats' highway. From it they emerge, not as single spies, but in battalions, and, crossing the unhealthy strip of ground which forms the poor backyards of the cottages mentioned, attack with voracious appetites the humble homes which are their objective. The condition of the interior of most, if not all, of these dwellings, due to the merciless depredations of these unclean beasts, almost beggars description. In some cases familiarity has bred a sort of contempt. In such instances the occupants accept with a kind of despairing resignation the constant presence of the vermin, with their ceaseless squealing under the floors and behind the skirting. To others, women and children more nervously constituted, the recurrent apparition of these denizens of the sewers is a repeated terror. They come forth from holes in the walls, in the wainscoting, in and about the kitchen ranges, and, perhaps worst of all, from holes in the W.C.s. They mount the stairs and seek the bedrooms, carrying horror and deadly danger to babies and young children who may be sleeping there; while below it is no unusual experience for mothers to feel them run across their feet. It is to-day common knowledge that the fleas of the rat are some of the most active conveyors of disease germs. Consequently the inhabitants of a house which their harbourers frequent are in constant danger of infection. These facts of necessity being known to the sanitary authorities of Tottenham, it is a matter of surprise and alarm that drastic steps were not taken long ago to rid the Tewkesbury district of a plague menacing the health of the community.

DEADLY DAMP.

Rats are not the only danger to which the unfortunate residents of Tewkesbury are subjected. The dampness which is permitted to prevail there is a disgrace to all responsible for the public health of Tottenham. In those rat-haunted homes many rooms are unfit for human habitation by reason of the masses of reeking mildew on the walls, or fallen ceilings. In one such room not many days ago might have been seen lying in its coffin a two-year old victim of these horrible conditions—a poor babe dead of bronchitis and measles. Standing in the presence of the innocent dead, in that little room where streaks of wet and mildew made the walls hideous, one could well understand the feelings of the grief-stricken parents, who could not but realize that the neglected dilapidation of their dwelling was in part, if not entirely, responsible for their loss. For such hovels the tenants pay from 10s. to 12s. a week. We are of the opinion that there is no more crying scandal in the Kingdom than the housing conditions of Tewkesbury, and we demand that the Tottenham Urban District Council take immediate measures to remove it.

A FIND ON ALL FOOLS' DAY.

CASUAL TREATMENT OF A PATIENT'S PROPERTY.

On April 1st a woman bought at a "bargain yard" in Battersea an old "dorothy" bag and contents for a shilling. The purchase proved to be the biggest bargain she had ever secured, for in addition to odds and ends the bag was found to contain three Consols bonds for £100 each and a Post Office Savings Bank book showing a credit balance of £68. The finder, or rather purchaser, honourably disclosed the facts to the police. Inquiries were made and showed that the bag had been bought along with other articles by the proprietor of the yard from the Wandsworth Guardians, and that it came from one of the Board's institutions, whereof the rightful owner is a patient. We should like to know in what circumstance and by what right the property of an inmate of a Poor Law institution was sold by the Guardians in this haphazard fashion. That it must have been done without the rightful owner's consent almost goes without saying, for no one in possession of their right senses would relinquish between three and four hundred pounds without protest or resistance. Had the bag contained nothing of material value, we should still have desired to know by what right the Guardians seized it and sold it obviously without examination. There is a disagreeable flavour about the whole transaction.

GIRL-CANING AT WARE.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S "ERROR OF JUDGMENT."

While it may be that many schoolboys well deserve occasional caning, and in after-life are none the worse for it, we do not for one moment agree that the caning of girls by male teachers is desirable as public policy or tolerable as educational correction. Mr. Carlo C. Loretto, Headmaster of Musley Central School, Ware, is obviously of a different opinion. How far he is entitled to hold it we shall see by the facts disclosed in his prosecution by the father of a girl pupil of his, Lily Phœbe Homewood, 12 years of age. The girl was in a mixed science class. A little boy handed a book to her, and she and another girl endeavoured to take hold of it at the same time, with the result that it got torn. The accidental injuring of this tome of thought so roused the blood and enraged the usually delicate feelings of Mr. Loretto that he vanished swiftly from the scene to fetch a cane, returned with it to the class, and told the girl to come forth and hold out her hand. "Instead of hitting her upon the hand," explained Mr. F. W. F. Lathom, the Luton advocate, Loretto "slashed at her recklessly with the cane and the blows fell upon the forearm, causing two severe weals. Not content with that, defendant either pushed her or hit her on the back with the cane, and told her that if she did not get out he would kick her out." An Inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. and a police constable who saw the girl after this tempestuous caning, testified in Court that they "would not like their children to be punished in such a manner at school"; nor would any other parent. The defence of Mr. Loretto was that if the child had not wriggled and twisted while he was thrashing her his blows would have fallen in more pleasant places. In the end the Bench decided that the punishment of this girl was not excessive, but "regretted the error of judgment on the part of the master in striking the girl on the wrist." What we should like to know from the Education Committee of Ware is how long they intend to expose schoolgirls in their jurisdiction to errors of judgment such as this, which have all the spectacle of cowardice and all the danger of excess. The Committee will do well strictly to prohibit them.

SAD AND SAINTLY.

MORE MISERABLE MUGWUMPS ON THE RAMPAGE.

As though life were not already dull enough, an organisation calling itself by the imposing title of The Imperial Sunday Alliance and Sunday Lay Movement, which has found enough fools to subscribe to its funds to enable it to be housed in imposing offices at Palace Chambers, Westminster, has broken out in a frenzied diatribe against all occupations on Sundays except churchgoing. Just breathing they, apparently, have no objection to, but they seem to imagine that a man's immortal soul may be imperilled if he does more than that on his weekly day of rest and recreation. As might be expected, the egregious Doctor F. B. Meyer, B.A., is very prominent in this movement. In a pamphlet entitled "Sunday Games in the Parks," he is sensible enough to admit that "we rest best, not by idling, but by doing something else," and then senselessly proceeds to show that it is wrong to do anything at all. Meyer argues that if the public parks were opened for games on Sundays, the Sunday schools would be the first to suffer, and would be depleted of scholars, especially boys. We must confess that we are not distressed at the prospect of a diminution of the activities of those comparatively few people who are obsessed by a passion for teaching dry dogma on Sunday afternoons to little boys who would be far better engaged in exercising themselves on a football ground. Tthis sad old saint declares: "We are not bigots, nor are we kill-joys. We believe in a bright and gladsome religion." Oh, let us be joyful!

NEVER SAY DIE!

Among other lucubrations of this extraordinary organisation is a pamphlet which purports to set out a list of decisions of public bodies against "encroachments" on the sanctity of the Sabbath. It is a masterpiece of type-setting, for while it shows in full the names of a number of obscure local authorities which have given decisions against the permission of Sunday games, it mentions only seven which have voted in favour of them, and very shamefacedly puts at the foot "Fourteen London Borough Councils" which are of greater importance than all the rest put together. Perhaps the cream of this extraordinary document showing the progress of the movement against Sunday amusements is to be found under the heading "Miscellaneous—Against Sunday Flying, Bathing, etc.," where it is gravely stated that the Grays Clergy (whoever they may be) voted against Sunday funerals! These people apparently do not wish you to live on Sundays, and even go so far as to prevent decent burial on that day. Oh, let us be joyful!

BLIND BIGOTS.

That such an amazingly narrow-minded association should find support and exist at all should cause surprise, yet they actually claim to have the good-will and support of the majority of the people. There can be no question that the exact opposite is the case. The lack of means of amusement in London is a byword among the nations. Yet these bigots are so blinded that they cannot see that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, and would endeavour to close all avenues of recreation on the one day of the week which the workers have available. To talk of the Sunday labour involved is sheer nonsense. Sunday workers, as a rule, are given one other day in the week and generally receive extra pay for Sunday work, and no-one who knows anything of the people involved can doubt that they prefer to have a week-day to themselves, largely because there are so few means of amusement on Sundays. Some cheerful soul with an idea of brightening up London has lately been parading the West-End with a poster declaring that "The Wicked Shall be Turned into Hell." He might as well have made it London on a Sunday. Oh, let us be joyful!

Watch for a dramatic announcement in JOHN BULL shortly.

A ROGUE'S RESURRECTION.

BOGUS MANAGER WITH A COLOSSAL CHEEK AND A BLEEDING HEART.

WHAT should be ranked by historians as one of the most amazing miracles of modern times has just come to light in the apparent resurrection from the dead of Fred H. Fenton, the bogus theatrical manager who for so long battened on the misfortunes of that much-distressed profession. In January of this year he wrote to an applicant for a part in one of his companies, "I am an old actor and manager of thirty-five years' standing, and it makes my heart bleed to find actors—I say Actors, who I know and have known for years—seen them in some of the best leading parts at salaries from £10 to £20—asking 10s. less than I ask you for the same services," the salary he was offering, not asking, being the magnificent one of £3 a week, to include producing, stage-managing, and playing a part. A couple of weeks later he had stranded his company, and decamped with what remained of the first two nights' takings after he had spent enough to enable him to get drunk. Perhaps the amount of this broke his bleeding heart, for the company were informed that a telegram had been received stating that he had committed suicide, and the next day a letter arrived from his address purporting to be written "on behalf of Mrs. Fenton, prostrated with grief over the late Mr. Fenton," declaring that a member of the company "had called the late Mr. Fenton a swindler and had thereby caused him to take the rash step of ending his honourable career of some thirty years' unblemished reputation."

Signs of Life.

Certain of the defrauded actors, who were sceptical as to the reiteration of a home truth which Fenton must have heard many times before having such a fatal effect even on his bleeding heart, determined upon an interesting experiment in the restoration of the apparently deceased. They induced a lady of their acquaintance to insert an advertisement in a stage paper offering herself as a pianist in a cinema theatre or for a statuary posing act. Knowing their man as they did, they were not surprised to find that this delectable bait roused Fenton from his grave. The suicide at once replied from the Coronet Theatre, Wealdstone, to the advertisement, saying that he was in need of a lady pianist for that place, and also wanted a posing act for a big revue for which he was booking dates and artists. By way of livening up the corpse, the decoy wrote declaring that she had such confidence in her posing act that she would willingly take a small financial interest in the company if her performance were made a principal feature of the show. This was balm indeed to the bleeding heart, and the corpse warmed up mightily. Here is the throbbing reply.

Coronet Theatre, Wealdstone, 30th March, 1922.

My dear Miss ——— ,—Have been away for a few days, seeing Mr. Hughes. Now as to your Posing Act, I say a very big YES. That is, if you are a sweet, pretty and unique figure as La Milo; but this I can't say till I have seen you in your fleshings, etc., and then I can draw my own conclusions.

Now, as to a financial interest, I know Mr. Hughes would not entertain it. He made over £2,500 with Lady Godiva in eight months; but I have £600 in the Revue we are going to run, so if we came to terms I can and will let you have £50 or £100 share of mine. . . .

Now, there are no rooms here. If you came here I could only offer you my sofa in my office for the night, as I stay Elephant, Kennington Road, and go backwards and forwards with a season ticket. Of course, it's business to see you as you are, and I could, if you wish, get a room for the occasion in Paddington or Waterloo Road S.E. This I leave to you, as I should not think of engaging anyone either as an artiste or of a financial interest till one as seen what that artiste is like and can do.

This, I think, you will agree with me. . . .

Awaiting your early reply.

Yours faithfully, Fred H. Fenton.

This very dashing epistle is remarkable apart from the salacious suggestion that the warmed-up corpse should enagage a room in Paddington or Waterloo Road for a private view of the lady's physical charms, for it throws a strange sidelight on the financial position not only of the writer, but of the man Hughes, who was supposed to be the financial backer of the stranded company and signed the contracts with the artistes, and who was declared in a letter purporting to come from his landlord or landlady at Lancaster, yet in handwriting strangely reminiscent of his own, to have left that city in a penniless condition to look for work, after having lost the savings of a lifetime and sold his watch for the benefit of the distressed artistes! On April 3rd, the dashing corpse, now roused absolutely to fever-heat, wrote to the lady as follows:—

My dear Miss ——— ,—Many thanks for your letter, and fully agree with all you say.

Your *Ambition* must be realised, and brought right out to the front, and I AM the one that help you to realise all you *wish*.

Now, what do you say to Lady Godiva? I have the script and parts. Can get return visits—and a *Gold Mine*.

Come and see me Wednesday afternoon, when we will have a long chat and go into everything.

You and I as partners *only*.

My bankers are London County, Westminster, and Parr's, Ltd.

You are NOT dealing with a young inexperienced Manager, but one who is 55 years of age and knows the ropes from *A to Z*.

Kind regards.

Yours faithfully, Fred H. Fenton.

At this point the correspondence came to an abrupt conclusion, the members of the company having obtained sufficient evidence of the remarkable resuscitation of the suicide, and the young lady having quite made up her mind that he was not a nice person to know. It is surprising that the Actors' Association, with all the evidence before them, have not long ago taken legal proceedings against this scoundrel of the bleeding heart with convenient suicidal tendencies and extraordinary powers of recuperation. If only in order that he and others like him may be put to rest for good and all, we give hearty welcome to the Registration of Theatrical Employers Bill.

SENTENCED FOR STARVING.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF A HUNGRY EX-SOLDIER.

Of all the crimes in the calendar, there would appear to be few more objectionable in the eyes of certain Magistrates than that of being hungry and not being able to afford a really good dinner. Albert Jones, a Dover labourer, like so many more ex-Service men, was searching for work, and the search had made him ravenous. As he had only twopence-halfpenny in his pocket, like a sensible man he put aside all thoughts of caviare, turtle-soup and *pate-de-foie-gras*, called at a baker's shop in Spalding and asked whether they had any stale bread, which was all he could hope to purchase with the limited means at his disposal to stave off the pangs of hunger. Unfortunately, as it transpired, the shop was owned by the Chairman of the Spalding Urban District Council, so that the unfortunate fellow had put his head into the lion's jaw. Although Spalding may normally be a sleepy place, the enormity of the offence brought swift retribution. A constable was speedily summoned to the scene. Jones was haled before the Bench, and despite his protest that he made the inquiry with the view of purchase, was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour by Mr. George Massey, who, be it noted, was Chairman recently when a youth was let off with a fine of £5 for defiling a little five-year-old cripple girl Such "justice" makes devils laugh and angels weep, but unfortunately is by no means rare.

FOURTEEN-DAY "HEIFERS."

WHEN IN THE EYE OF THE LAW IS A CALF A COW?

J. McAllister, a cattle dealer, of Shrimpney, Bognor, may be a very successful agriculturist, but if not it is scarcely due to his lack of nerve. He advertised that he had a number of "heifers" for sale, and Mr. John Masters, a Somerset farmer, wrote in reply. He received a quotation of £12 per animal, providing not less than ten were taken. He ordered ten and sent a cheque for £100 on account. The canny McAllister then demanded the balance of £20, as he had "the carriage to pay." Mr. Masters sent the money, and later received a railway advice note to fetch his beasts. On arriving at the station, he was astounded to find that two were about three or four months old, while the others were almost new-born, being babies of no more than a fortnight! As, in addition to his own inspection, the little animals were down on the waybill as "calves," the indignant farmer refused to accept them. When sued, McAllister put up the impudent defence that when offering "heifers" he had not guaranteed either age, size or weight! While Judges may not be very learned in matters of the land, it did not take Mr. Justice Branson many minutes to deal with this saucy attempt to sell tiny calves as heifers—a term ordinarily used to indicate cows one year old—and the money was ordered to be returned with costs. The law is "a ass," but not so blithering asinine as some people think.

THE "BIG FIVE."

RICH REWARDS FOR CLEVER COMPETITORS.

There is much rejoicing among the winners of the "Big Five" Prizes of £250 in our "Bullets" Competition No. 442, and the expressions of gratification we have received should encourage every competitor. Mr. Alfred L. Desborough, of 81, Cathles Road, Balham, S.W., is an old employee with a well-known drapery and furnishing establishment, and was the recipient of hearty congratulations from his colleagues and from the head of the firm. The winning line was entirely his own composition. Mr. William Parker, of 89, All Saints' Road, Peterboro', wins after a number of unsuccessful attempts, and gives as his advice to unsuccessful competitors the two simple words, "Plod on!" His only child is naturally delighted, and hopes in the future to follow in father's footsteps. Mr. H. Good, of Malborough, Kingsbridge, Devon, takes the same sensible view. He writes: "Once or twice I have nearly given up trying, but I am glad now I stuck to it, and winning this prize will urge me to further efforts." Mr. F. Dunn, of 17, Albert Place, Daniell Street, Truro, took up "Bullets" to occupy his spare time when he was recently discharged from hospital unfit. He writes: "I shall always have your letter to show that 'Bullets' Competitions are run straight and fair." Up till the time of going to press we have not heard from the fifth big winner, Mr. J. O'Neill, Pullough, Bansha, Co. Tipperary.

Wherever you may chance to be, JOHN BULL'S big surprise you'll see.

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SIR HENRY CURTIS BENNETT, K.C.

ONE of the greatest human dramas that has ever been staged in an English Court of Law has just concluded in the quaint surroundings of a little Court in Herefordshire, where Major Armstrong has been on trial for his life on the charge of murdering his wife and attempting to murder a local solicitor, Mr. Martin. As you all know, the trial was full of dramatic surprises and tense human interest. And in this great high drama of life and death there were three principal figures who dominated the fortunes of the trial and held sway over the imagination of the public.

The first was Armstrong himself; the second was Mr. Justice Darling—most suave, brilliant, witty and learned of Judges; the third was Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., who defended the prisoner.

I propose this week to deal with the third principal figure in this remarkable trial. Sir Henry has sprung into his position as the leader of the English Criminal Bar with amazing speed. He is a young man with a great future. It is well that we should consider the personality and the characteristics of young men with great futures, because our own futures are likely to be bound up with theirs.

It is just about five years ago that I first met Sir Henry Curtis Bennett. He was then a Junior Counsel at the Old Bailey, with a good deal of work and recognised ability which he inherited from his father, the distinguished London Magistrate who died all too early. In those days he shared most of the defences at the "O.B." with Mr. Huntley Jenkins, the late Mr. Purcell, and some others. He had a sound knowledge of law and great gifts of reserve and intuition. Shrewd judges prophesied that in succession to his father he would attain considerable success at the Bar. But these same shrewd judges would have regarded me as a madman if I had prophesied that, in the relatively short space of time which has elapsed between those days and these, young Curtis Bennett could ever have achieved the supreme position in the world of criminal law which he occupies to-day. The experts thought he was sound, safe and resourceful. They foresaw no sudden rise to the dizzy heights of fame.

It was just about this time that the Great War descended upon us all and I, for one, thought that the career of Curtis Bennett had been wrecked. His practice was broken up, the Government sent for him and asked him to become an official of a Special Branch at Scotland Yard. Of course, he answered his country's call and went loyally to his duty. Now there are fashions in lawyers just as there are fashions in ladies' dresses, and for almost five years Curtis Bennett became a thing of the past. Other Counsel who happened to be available picked up all the plums that were going at the Criminal Bar. The future of Sir Henry had been blotted out by the War. While his former colleagues were acquiring influential and lucrative practices he was entombed in certain places—which I will not specify—cross-examining German spies and political suspects. The public heard nothing of his activities, but before long his name was known throughout the length and breadth of Germany as that of a man to dread. He became a figure of doom to all the horrible festering crowd of foreign secret agents that were brought before him.

So much for his national work in war-time.

Then the war collapsed, and at last the still young Mr. Curtis Bennett was released from his official duties to start—or rather to re-start—his professional career at the Bar.

I met him one afternnon in the gardens of the Temple just when, for the second time of his life, he stood on the threshold of forensic success. This man whom I have described to you just now as a figure of doom to home bred traitors and foreign foes made a very different figure to me. Sir Henry is rather fat, you know, with ruddy cheeks, cheerful eyes and a ready smile. You might think he was a young country squire if you did not know he was a great Barrister. At the time I met him he was wearing a bowler hat at the back of his head and smoking a pipe, with the utmost enjoyment, in the peaceful quietude of Temple Gardens.

I asked him how he looked forward to the prospect of returning to his old work.

"It's pleased me more than anything in the world to get back to it," he replied, "and I think I shall get a lot of cases."

He got so many cases that he had to apply for silk, to become a K.C., within a few months' time. After his first few reappearances at the Old Bailey, practically every lawyer who had a decent defence in hand was anxious to engage his services. I think he became a K.C. out of a sense of self-protection, because if you are a King's Counsel there are so many briefs that you are able to refuse.

What has been the great secret of success in the career of this remarkable young Counsel? Well, he has many gifts. He has a ready flow of language which will compel the attention of any jury. he is logical in his arguments and has a lively sense of comment. He has a knack of getting on extremely friendly terms with the jury. He never misses a point. But, personally, I think that the outstanding feature of his success has been his conspicuous honesty.

Most of the big defences have come his way of late. He defended Goslett, the Golders' Green murderer, and appeared recently in the sensational case in which Captain and Mrs. Peel were concerned. We all know how magnificent a defence he put up in the Armstrong case.

Where will his public career end? It is too early for me to venture a prophecy to-day. We all know that the Criminal Bar is a difficult and a hazardous school, from which an ambitious advocate does not easily rise to the highest offices of State. Still, Sir Henry should be encouraged by the thought that there are exceptions which prove every rule.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Lord Hewart of Bury, Lord Chief Justice of England.

My Lord.—The very strong comments your Lordship made in the Court of Criminal Appeal in regard to the reprehensible practice pursued by the Salford police in the case of a man named Alfred Pilley, wrongfully convicted and sentenced at the Hundred Sessions to 18 months' imprisonment for alleged housebreaking, will be approved by everybody except the police concerned. "Confrontation" for the purpose of obtaining admissions or confessions from prisoners is a Continental and not an English method. My hope is that, after your Lordship's timely admonition, not the Salford police only, but other police too, will act more strictly upon the Memorandum issued by the Judges as to statements made by prisoners.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford, His Majesty's First Commissioner of Works.

Sir,—You have given peremptory notice to Mrs. Charles Orford to vacate the site that her family have occupied for close upon three centuries in St. James's Park. Ever since the 17th century they have sold milk and "goodies" to the children. Now you give their descendant a fortnight to clear out! It is a soulless, brutal act, which shows how officialdom blunts all the finer feelings. If it is really necessary to turn out the last of the "Mall Milkmaids," surely you can do it courteously! The site is required for the Guards' Memorial. But those brave men would feel unhappy and resentful at your churlish action, I am sure.

John Bull.

To Sir David Shackleton, Chief Government Labour Adviser.

My Dear Shackleton,—You appear to have done quite nicely since, not very long ago, you were appointed Labour Adviser to the Home Office at a salary of £500 a year. Although your duties are now lighter than they were at the beginning, your annual income has gone up by leaps and bounds, until to-day it stands at the handsome figure of £3,000 per annum. Yet it seems only yesterday that you were among the Labour leaders. What your old friends must think of you now that you have climbed to the pinnacle of bureaucratic prosperity I can hardly imagine. Almost a "blouted capitalist," aren't you?

John Bull.

To Mrs. Asquith.

Dear Madam,—I am as alive as anyone to the charm and glitter of your versatile mind—although, to be candid, I occasionally have a little difficulty in following your mental processes. For example, you told the good people at Southampton, the other day, that women for the most part were Conservatives in politics, adding in the next breath that "the Conservatives were the stupid Party." From this statement two logical inferences and two only can be drawn—namely, that every intelligent woman is a Liberal, and that most women are fools. Surely you can be loyal to your husband without turning traitor to your sex. But probably you didn't mean it. Do you ever mean anything?

John Bull.

To Alderman E. Duke, Eastbourne.

Dear Sir,—You and your six aldermanic brethren remind me of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus of old. But for your retrograde votes, visitors to your town would now be able to indulge in a matutinal bathe on Sundays, and enjoy soothing strains of music on the Redoubt after evening service. Your apparent objection to cleanliness, which Charles Wesley in one of his sermons declared to be next to godliness, does you as little credit as your determined opposition to music for the multitude, which I fear—if not in your own case, certainly in the case of some of those who voted with you—is largely to be accounted for by financial interest in the concerts given on the Pier and at Devonshire Park.

John Bull.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Birmingham.

My Lord,—I rejoice to find that even a bishop may on occasion transgress the conventions and yet not suffer from an uneasy conscience. You said: "In my life I have more often seen red with regard to animals than with regard to anything else." I am afraid that on a certain occasion when I saw some boys ill-treating a poor, weary dog there was a breech of the established law on my part." Whether it was your boot or your umbrella you used on that occasion, I am quite certain the chastisement you administered was well merited, and I hope you will not fail to break the law again if you should see a dumb animal being tormented. Law-giver or law-breaker, so long as you continue on such lines you will enjoy my warm regard.

John Bull.

To Lieut.-Col. W. A. Jones, J.P., Colliery Owner, Ammanford.

Dear Colonel,—When a case against a colliery, in which you are presumably interested, came up for hearing, you prepared to leave the Bench, but rather unpleasantly intimated that in future you would "sit whenever you had a right to sit." But you apparently do not realise that in any dispute in your colliery you are Plaintiff, Judge and Jury, and an employee might rightly object were you to judge his case in the capacity of a Magistrate. Truly, in law you have a "right to sit," but it would be scarcely just or gentlemanly to enforce it.

John Bull.

To Charles Coates, Curzon Street, Calne, Wilts.

Charles the Curst,—Why age should be considered an excuse for cruelty I am at a loss to know. Yet the Calne Magistrates decided, because you are an elderly man, to fine you a paltry ten shillings instead of sending you to prison for one of the most callous acts of cruelty so far brought to my notice. To prevent a fowl breaking eggs and eating them, you pierced its beak and fastened it with a safety-pin, causing the helpless bird to bleed freely. Instead of considering your advanced age to be an excuse for your atrocious act, I should have deemed it an aggravation of the offence. The young, in their ignorance, are often cruel, but there is no justification for inhumanity in the aged.—John Bull.

To the Reverend Father Degen, Coalville, Leicestershire.

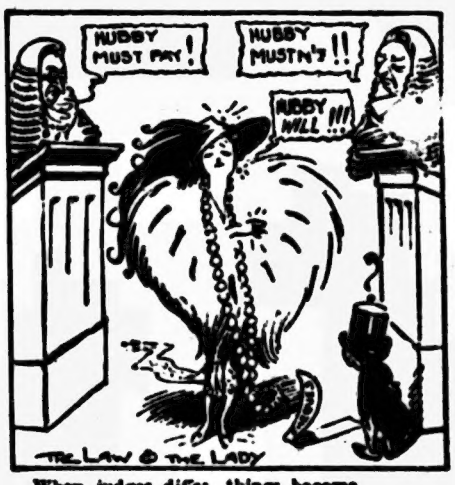
Dear Father Degen,—With some of your public statements I cordially agree—as, for instance, with your well-considered opinion that "a staggering right to the jaw in the boxing-ring is perfectly consistent with brotherly love." Also, I am pleased to find you protesting against the arid Sabbatarianism which would make of our British Sunday a day of boredom and misery. Occasionally, however, you are apt to fall into exaggeration—as when you tell us, in accents of holy horror, that "the glad eye and the slim ankle are baits by which the subtle serpent has hooked many a big fish." I am afraid I cannot share your misgivings in regard to the evil potency of grace and beauty. Rather am I tempted to exclaim "From sad eyes and thick ankles, good Lord deliver us!"

John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George with joy doth realise
That he at last has done the trick—
He sits beneath Italian skies
Embracing Hun and Bolshevik!

Cheap fares are now in great demand;
And if the railways wise would be,
They'd seize the profit that's at hand,
And double their prosperity.



When judges differ, things become,
To put it mildly somewhat queer;
The *one's* decision pleases some—
The other's others loudly cheer.

The rise in War Loan is so great—
Though things financial still look blue—
That few can help but hesitate
To swallow what they hope is true!

If your "dark cloud" has no silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

My Fifteen to Follow.

Many readers ask me to repeat the list of horses I selected to be followed this season, and I do so:

Bucks	Linby
Black Mask	Lord of Burghley
Flamboyant	Pharmacie
Gammadion	Pogrom
Hong Kong	Polydipsia
Hopeful Bachelor	Sunshot f
Lembach	William Tell
Leighton	

So far only a few have run, but Sunshot filly has already won for us. There should be some winners in the above list.

The City and Suburban.

The Epsom Spring Meeting opened yesterday (Tuesday), and will be concluded this afternoon, the principal event being the popular handicap, the City and Suburban. Last year the meeting was abandoned on account of the strike, but there should be a capital race on the Epsom track to-day. I have been inundated with tips: Granely is a "cinch," Monarch a "snip," Silver Image will "romp home," and so forth; but whatever wins, it will take a good horse to beat Paragon, even with top-weight. Paragon has not yet run this season, but Gilpin's horse is as well as ever he was.

Fancied Candidates.

The Tilshead horse Erander is very much fancied by many clever people, and one with a good outside chance is the King's Bowood. A Royal victory would be immensely popular. Bowood has run once this season, and was then a very respectable third behind Devizes and Virginie in the Babraham Stakes at Newmarket. The King's horse was receiving 21 lb. from the winner, and has only 6 st. 9 lb. to carry to-day. I fancy that Paragon and Evander backed each way should show a profit.

Other Races to-day.

The Copthorne Plate is the first event on the card to-day, and this may be won by Tomahawk. The Gleaner c. has a chance in the Betchworth Plate. There will probably be a big field for the Kingswood Plate, and in this class of race Ardella should win on her form at Nottingham when she split Double Bloom and Dryad. Some good-class youngsters are engaged in the Hyde Park Stakes, including Archangel and Bosworth, belonging to the King. Canary Seed, better known as Eagle's Rest f, may score here for Lord Lascelles. Santaquest will be well suited by the six furlongs of the Tadworth Plate, and Galway Prince may capture the Apprentices' Plate.

Hints for Sandown.

After Epsom come three capital days' sport at Sandown Park. The big event to-morrow is the Esher Cup, for which Mr. Sol Joel relies on Unison and Argo, having taken out Pondoland, Sicyon and Polyhistor. There are several other smart three-year-olds engaged, and Satelles, who was backed like a certainty when third at Newcastle, may be the best to stand. Happy Sally should win the Juvenile Plate, and Glass Idol the Twickenham Handicap. On Friday we must follow Captain Fracasse for the Tudor Stakes, and I like Blazoner for the Stud Produce Stakes.

The Case of Bernard Travers.

The permanent suspension of Bernard Travers, the Fulham forward, for offering a bribe to a South Shields player in order to affect the result of a match in Fulham's favour, does not by any means close the incident. Both the F.A. and the League are alive to the fact that a professional footballer does not offer bribes out of his own pocket. Who was behind Travers? An answer to the question is highly desirable, and I am assured it will be forthcoming.

The Root of the Matter.

The public has, I think, been unwittingly misled over this Travers case. The Commission—a very strong one—which heard the case came to the unanimous conclusion that Travers was guilty, and they did the right thing in announcing their decision at once. It was the only decision possible when guilt had been established. But statements were made in the course of the inquiry which proved clearly that somebody had gone to great trouble and expense to make it worth Travers' while to take the risk. Now, it is another matter to prove it. But the Commission are going to the bottom of this very bad business, and the next pronouncement they make may be just as startling as the first.

The F.A. Cup Final.

When Preston North End and Huddersfield Town meet in the F.A. Cup Final next week, most Southerners will have the half-formed wish that the Lancashire team shall reburnish its tarnished reputation with a long-awaited victory. Personally, my sympathies will be with McCall and his men, but my judgment tells me that the speed and science of Huddersfield will triumph over the dogged pertinacity of Preston.

International Unrest.

If it were possible to have a war to end wars—and recent experiences suggest it is not—then a most complete international imbroglio in the world of sport would be a fine thing. English football teams cannot go to France and Belgium, among other Continental countries; American lawn tennis people say they will not send to Wimbledon; Australia and New Zealand are restive with the Rugby Union; there is a "split" in the controlling authority in billiards. And at the bottom of all these unpleasantnesses are just petty jealousies and wounded vanities.

Carpentier, Beckett and Dempsey.

I should like to add my voice to that of the others who are urging Carpentier to give Beckett another chance of meeting him. Both men would be infinitely wiser to think of one another than let their thoughts stray Dempsey-wards. The world's heavyweight champion has been here a few hours, and the promoter who attempts to arrange another Dempsey-Carpentier fight—or, worse still, a Dempsey-Beckett contest—will deserve all the kicks and none of the ha'pence, which shows what I think would be the result of another Carpentier-Beckett fight—though it would not be the easy thing we saw at the Holborn Stadium two years ago.

Making the Public Tired.

There is one direction where, I think, our boxing promoters go wrong. They limit their outlook to three or four "big" men and ring the changes on these until the public get tired. Now, there are a number of men on the fringe, as it were, who are waiting for the chance of achieving glory or dying in the attempt. There is Soldier Horace Jones, for instance, one of the most workmanlike boxers we have seen for many a day; and ex-Guardsman Penwill, to whom nothing seems to come amiss—to confine myself to a couple only of the men to whom Beckett might turn his attention while waiting for the Carpentier-Lewis fight to be over.

Bill'y Wells Again.

Billy Wells meets Albert Lloyd at the National Sporting Club on Monday next. Wells is taking this contest very seriously, and as there is no need for him to be jumpy about it—he is meeting a boxer and not a fighter—it is highly probable we shall see an exhibition of good boxing, if not much in the way of hard knocks. I always regard "Billy" as unlucky. He was born in an age when heavyweights put fighting first and boxing second. Of course, it's all wrong when you come to look at it, and it does leave our modern Adonis in splendid isolation—or nearly so!

A Depressing Start.

The billiards championship now in progress suffered from the start because of its unrepresentative entry, and it was unfortunate in its beginning because neither McConachy nor Davis stood a really sporting chance against Reece and Newman. McConachy has yet a long way to go, and I am glad to see he has the right spirit. He will stay in England another year to improve his game. Davis, too, has youth on his side, and should be a powerful factor in another two or three years. Meanwhile Newman should make sure of retaining his title for twelve months.

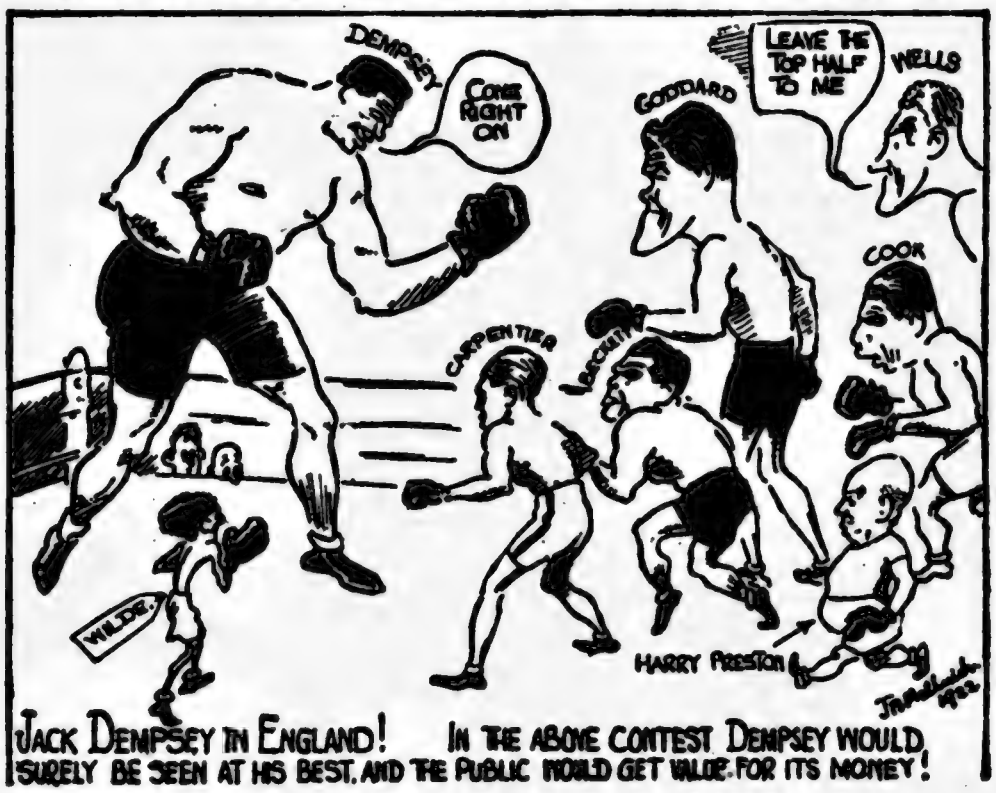
Odds and Ends.

George Cook has been doubly unfortunate. His disqualification against Beckett has led to the cancellation of his contest in Paris with Marcel Nilles.

The Football League cut of £82 a year in players' wages was a bombshell in the ranks of the professionals. The economy effected is not to be reflected in reduced admission charges.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

DEMPSEY ARRIVES: A COLLECTIVE CHALLENGE.



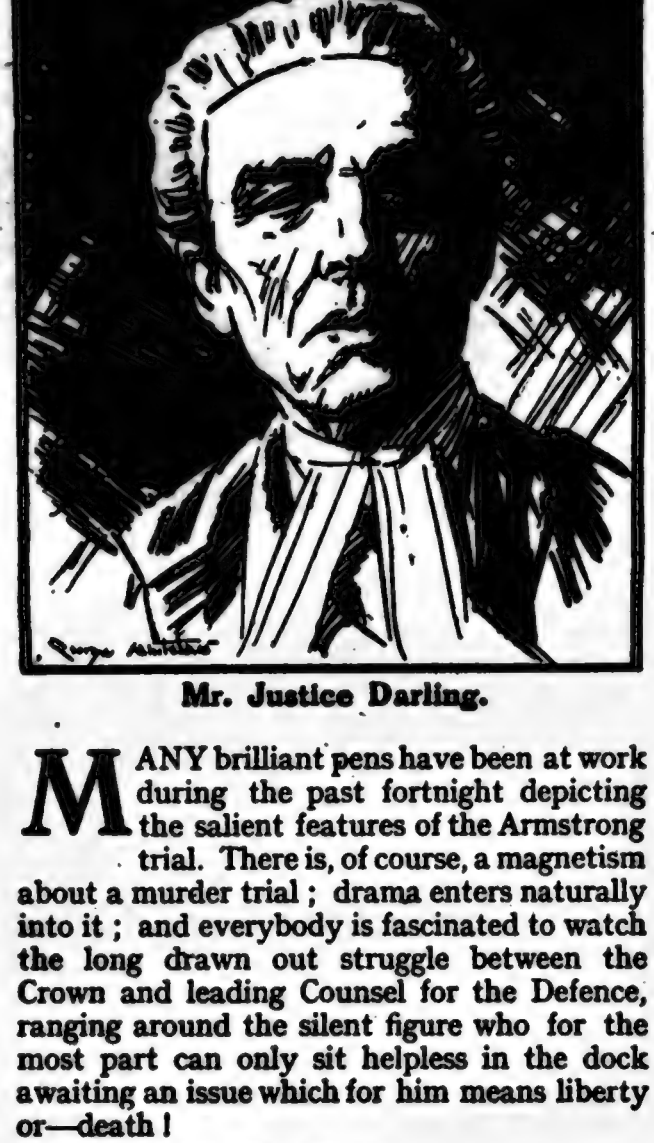
JACK DEMPSEY IN ENGLAND! IN THE ABOVE CONTEST DEMPSEY WOULD SURELY BE SEEN AT HIS BEST, AND THE PUBLIC WOULD GET VALUE FOR ITS MONEY!

N.B.—Have you read to-day's SPORTING LIFE?

ARMSTRONG'S R

by HAROLD

In the following arresting article figure in the Kidwelly Poisoning D from the unconventional angle of a the ordeal of trial for life. Nev trial been so described.



Mr. Justice Darling.

MANY brilliant pens have been at work during the past fortnight depicting the salient features of the Armstrong trial. There is, of course, a magnetism about a murder trial; drama enters naturally into it; and everybody is fascinated to watch the long drawn out struggle between the Crown and leading Counsel for the Defence, ranging around the silent figure who for the most part can only sit helpless in the dock awaiting an issue which for him means liberty or—death!

The Majesty of the Law.

But when I read these brilliant descriptions of the trial, I feel that in one sense they fall short of reality. They are, of necessity, written from the *outside*. Only the unfortunate creature who has himself been "the man in the dock" during such a tremendous ordeal as that arising from a charge of murder can begin to understand the *inward*, hidden drama concealed from superficial observers.

If the stuffy and inconvenient Court House at Hereford—which I have visited professionally on several occasions—be substituted for the still more vilely ventilated and poky Assize Court in Carmarthen Town, I could very well imagine that the dreadful experience I passed through some fifteen months ago was being repeated as a sort of ghastly nightmare.

It will readily be understood that, try as I will, I cannot help making a mental comparison between these two trials which are so remarkably similar in their characteristic details.

When I read that the prisoner in the dock appeared "calm," "stolid," "animated," or "smiling," I recall how unreal and futile such phrases seem when read after the ordeal is over. I had a bundle of newspapers to look through on the day following my acquittal—and they taught me a lesson. For as a lawyer I have frequently defended men who claimed they were innocent. Mostly I have been led to form my own opinion to a large extent by the appearance of the accused in the dock. Facial calmness or agitation, and the composed or distressed attitude of the prisoner—is a dangerous index of the guilt or otherwise of any person.

For consider. The majesty of the Law may well be described as a terror to evil-doers: it may also be a frightful menace to the innocent.

While this Armstrong drama unrolls its slow length like a legal kinema played out in incredibly dingy and dusty setting, I go back in memory to my own experience.

To be arrested, safely caged up, to become the centre of universal comment, to know that one's business, built up with such care, is daily falling to ruins, to be cut off from the world of home and friends, and to be faced with the most atrocious charge that can be laid against any man—that of subtle, secretive poisoning of a wife: that is sufficiently agonising.

But there is another aspect, perhaps more dreadful.

It is the business of the Crown, when once a prosecution has been decided upon, to press the case with the utmost industry. And remember, the Crown does not stop for money. Inquiries are made regardless of cost; expert evidence is paid for without the need of economy; witnesses are found and maintained by the Crown. In short, the case against the accused is built up without the necessity for stinting money.

But the position of the defendant is quite different.

He is, literally, fighting for his life. "Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life," said patient Job. And when a man finds himself faced with a murder charge, not the least part of his torment is one of ways and means.

Months of Cruel Anxiety.

Owing to our antiquated assize system there is a possibility that the accused may spend several months in gaol. There is no hope of bail. Week after week he waits and waits for the ordeal, knowing that by some means, even if it ruin him, he must raise sums of money for the building up of the defence, the briefing of counsel, the maintaining of witnesses during the trial, and the costly evidence of experts to rebut the evidence given by the Crown's "star" medical and scientific men.

I spent several months in Carmarthen Gaol. I was racked with anxiety as to how the ways and means of my trial could be found. And then when the day came that I took my place in the dock before a battery of curious eyes, my "careworn appearance" was adversely commented upon in some

WAS IT "THE ONLY VE

GUILTY or not guilty? Judge and jury say "guilty." A closed car drives away from the Shire Hall, a few people boo, and Armstrong goes to the House of Doom. But—*was there proof—proof beyond all possible shadow of doubt that he was guilty?*

Armstrong was a solicitor of Hay, in Brecon, and Clerk to the Justices. On the evidence of three independent witnesses, *called by the Crown*, Mrs. Armstrong had suicidal tendencies. In his summing-up, Mr. Justice Darling said that when a woman tries to get out of an asylum window, or when she enquires of her nurse whether if she jumped from an attic window, she would kill herself, *it does not necessarily show evidence of suicidal tendencies.* Let us, for the moment, accept it as proved that she *had* suicidal tendencies. In January, 1921, she returned from the asylum and on February 13th she was sick. On February 17th she took to her bed, showing symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and died on the 22nd, as it was proved after the exhumation of her body a year later, from acute arsenical poisoning.

In the winter of the same year, Oswald Martin, a solicitor of Hay, after taking tea with Major Armstrong, was violently ill, and on examination of fluid a one-thirty-third of a grain of arsenic was discovered. Armstrong was arrested in January of this year on the charge of attempted murder. In his pocket was found a paper containing 3¼ grains of white arsenic. His contention was that this was one of twenty little packets which he had made for the purpose of destroying dandelions.

Before he was arrested he made a voluntary statement to the police, giving them particulars of the arsenic in his possession, but omitting to mention the fact that he had in his possession two ounces of white arsenic, which was subsequently discovered *and produced by the Defence.* Immediately after his arrest, the tiny packet was found in his papers.

I will go no further than this with the story of the crime, because one of the jury has stated to a member of the Press that the jury convicted Armstrong *on their disbelief that anybody would go to the trouble of making up twenty packets of arsenic for the purpose of destroying dandelions,* and on the fact that *when he was arrested Armstrong did not tell the police that he had another two ounces of white arsenic.*

Now, as to the "ridiculousness" of carrying little packets of arsenic to kill weeds. Everybody who knows anything about middle-aged gardeners, knows that there are many "potterers" among their number. I knew a man in South Africa who used to carry a little phial of nicotine

RIGHT FOR LIFE

GREENWOOD

Mr. Harold Greenwood, the central ama, presents the Armstrong Trial an who has himself passed through before has a sensational murder

quarters. I dwell upon this to let the unthinking realise what the prisoner has been passing through before he stands up to plead.

Then, should he falter, he is exposed to the fear that this may be written down as a consciousness of guilt; or should he by an iron effort face his judge and jury with a show of calmness, he is "jaunty" and "coolly composed." Well indeed have I learned the lesson that the demeanour of a prisoner is but little to go upon.

Only those who have been the man in the dock, too, can realise the awful sensation of listening to leading counsel for the Crown "opening the case." A helpless, suffocating sense of impotency, and doubly so when the prisoner is a lawyer.

It sounds black—black to the point of certainty. The lightest action assumes a sinister appearance; a chance word becomes ominous; letters are found to foreshadow violence; *motive* is harped upon. This is legitimate, of course, from a forensic point of view. Our Crown lawyers are scrupulously fair, but their business is to prosecute and "with the utmost rigour of the Law."

When the Attorney-General in Hereford Court went on in his silken tones constructing the case against Major Armstrong he did it with a fairness that was beyond reproach—but with a forensic skill that was unutterably deadly.

And I know what the prisoner felt! Helpless, trapped, overborne. He steals a glance at the jury and sees that every word is telling. That is almost the worst moment in the trial.

The Judge and Jury.

My refuge during the trial was the knowledge of the scrupulous impartiality of the Judge. And at Hereford I was struck with the skill and wisdom with which Mr. Justice Darling held the balance between the great advocates on either side.

The jury of necessity are swayed backwards and forwards by the skill of contending counsel. I remember that when a telling point was made by the Crown against me I simply dared not look at the jury.

Then, too, there is the ordeal of going into the box. Many a time in former days I have urged a man to go into the witness-box, and have drawn an adverse conclusion if he has hesitated. I have changed my views upon that point now.

It is an ordeal that can never be realised except by those who have been through it. After being worn out with some days of unparalleled strain in the earlier stages of the trial, the prisoner "goes into the box." The eyes of the crowd watch every motion, the twitch of his face, and the fluttering of his hands. He knows that he will be exposed to a pitiless hail of questions from an expert in the art of interrogation. If he answers too fully he will be admonished to be more "direct"; if he replies briefly, a raised eyebrow or the inflection of a voice, the darting of a meaning look by counsel at the jury may influence their minds.

For my part I was told afterwards that I seemed perfectly "cool and composed." In fact I was on the verge of a breakdown, only sustained by the knowledge that if I did not keep my head I was lost. For weeks afterwards I felt the strain of that ordeal. It was of course a perfectly fair cross-examination. But those who talk lightly of the prisoner's attitude under examination should bear in mind facts such as I have been describing.

Waiting for the Verdict.

And then comes the suspense of waiting for the verdict.

The Judge's summing up has preceded this, of course, and I suppose to a lawyer this is more painful than can be described. For a trained legal mind can appreciate exactly the effect upon the jury. As minute by minute the cultured, measured voice flows on, hope seems to evaporate. And so at last the jury are dismissed to deliberate, the Judge seeks his private room, and the court buzzes with expectation.

The prisoner is taken below to wait. Ah! that waiting. Never can I forget those moments like eternity while the jury deliberated upon my Fate. The attendant policemen were kind and considerate, but they were only policemen. After all the months of racking anxiety I really felt that those minutes of suspense were more than I could bear. Then suddenly there was a fresh bustle of excitement and I found myself being ushered up the dock stairs again.

It seemed an eternity while the Clerk of Arraigns was interrogating the middle aged foreman of the jury. How slow, how impossibly deliberate he seemed! Until amid a deathly hush I heard him murmur: "Not Guilty!" Then the dock doors were open and I was free again. But I draw a veil over that.

I have followed very carefully the Armstrong drama, and naturally I can write about it from a feeling heart. It does seem to me an injustice that the accused's counsel does not have the last word with the jury. Of course, if the accused does not go into the box, calls no witnesses, and puts in no documents, he has this advantage; but on the other hand an adverse opinion must be formed by the jury if a prisoner does not give evidence upon his own behalf.

It is a fearful, unbelievable thing to be tried for your life. But terrible though the ordeal was, I am perfectly certain that British justice is scrupulously fair to the accused. Nevertheless, only those who have been charged with murder can realise the exact nature of the ordeal.

S Greenwood

RDICT"? *by* Edgar Wallace

to destroy certain flies that pestered his roses. I knew another man who carried a poison with which he killed slugs. If some of us were on trial for our lives and our eccentricities were produced against us, I daresay that they would seem even more absurd than Armstrong's.

And because, in the shock of his arrest, he had the horrible recollection that there was more arsenic in the house, and in a panic did not tell the police that it was there, he must die—even though that arsenic *was never discovered by the police, but was produced in court during the trial* by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, that most brilliant of advocates. Suppose Armstrong *had* remembered and said: "Oh, by the way, I have made a mistake. There is another packet of arsenic that I haven't told you about!" What would the Prosecution have said?

"Aha! Now that we have arrested you, you are telling us about something which we should have found for ourselves."

As a matter of fact, they searched his house and did not find the arsenic.

Armstrong will die because:

(1) He was in the habit of "dosing" weeds with arsenic (66 could be killed for a penny).

(2) Because he did not tell the police that he was in possession of more arsenic than he admitted he owned—and which the police did not know he owned until the Defence told them of the fact.

To say, as was said in the court, that no evidence of administration (*i.e.*, the actual giving of poison to the victim) is ever produced in poison cases is absurd. *There is invariably evidence that food or drink of some kind is taken from the alleged poisoner's hand.*

In every case I can recall where the prisoner was condemned, there has been evidence that the accused has administered beverage or nourishment with his own hands. The case of Black of St. Austell is the most recent instance. Not once did Mrs. Armstrong say to the nurse "Nurse, I have had drink (or food), my husband gave it to me whilst you were having dinner."

Armstrong may be as guilty as Hell—that is a matter which does not concern me.

To-morrow . . . next year . . . in ten years' time an innocent man may suffer because of this precedent of Conviction without Proof.

No man or woman of these realms should be condemned on opinion, on prejudice, on any other consideration than Proof of Guilt. Proof that stands all manners of test. Proof that he alone had the opportunity for committing the crime alleged against him. PROOF! *Let us have proof that no other person than Armstrong could have poisoned his wife.*

There is no such proof.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

SNOBBISH TRADITIONS AND PIPECLAY DISCIPLINE OUT OF HARMONY WITH THE MODERN SPIRIT.

IF the country were not suffering from the exhaustion inevitable after a great war, it is certain that the recent speech of Colonel John Ward, M.P., would have aroused a storm of indignation. Colonel Ward asserted that, so strong is class prejudice in the War Office that he was saved from expulsion only by a special Minute of the War Cabinet insisting on his retention in the Army. This charge is a startling one, but there is much which points to the caste feeling that Colonel Ward indicated. Let us look the facts squarely in the face. While war raged, when the enemy was at our throats, and almost within our gates, plenty of "common men" were found to have the right stuff in them: the stuff of which captains and leaders are made. They were not merely brave, but brainy, resourceful, energetic. Men rose from the humblest walks of life to be Colonels or Generals! One, a policeman, became a Brigadier. The War Office, with its class interests and caste prejudices, could not keep them back, and the mass of us knew already that the capacity of leadership is inherent, not in any one class—but in the race. But now the case is altered. Between officers and men there is now a practically unbridgeable gulf. Not one Tommy in ten ever dreams of rising from the ranks: not one in a hundred achieves it. This is bad; but worse remains.

Snobbishness in the Service.

Some officers are, as we all are glad to know, fine fellows—beloved of their men, and proud of their profession. But others are inclined to look down on Tommy. The discipline is harsh, dehumanising, enfeebling; based on the Prussian model, which is designed to make the soldier into a machine. We do not say that you can alter all this, which is utterly opposed to modern ideas, in a moment. "Pipe clay" is still a tradition of the Army, and is likely to remain so while the present spirit endures. But we fearlessly assert that this method of regarding Tommy as belonging to an inferior caste to his officers has no justification. So far as efficiency goes, the reverse is often true. Look at General Birdwood's "Anzacs"—there was no starch about them or their leaders! They called their officers "Alf" or "Bill"—but how they fought! "The finest white soldiers," a competent authority has said, "that the world can produce." And, mark well, the Australians would tolerate no death sentence: no "Field Punishment No. 1," was ever attempted on them!

Done Better in France.

Again, look at the French. True, the discipline is sharp; punishments are drastic for serious offences—such as disobedience; but there is none of this hateful class feeling that compels a British officer to pretend to look down on his men, and the result is to be seen in the fact that in France there is an enthusiasm for the army which abides all the time—not merely when the country is at war. It is this aspect of the question that makes the matter so serious. The Pacifist is gaining ground on all sides to-day, and he is helped by the widespread and unconscious resentment of men who, honoured in war, are slighted in peace.

> "It's Tommy this, and Tommy that,
> And Tommy go away;
> But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins!'
> When the band begins to play."

Thus sang Kipling a generation ago, and since then there has been little or no increase in the respect shown to the private soldier in times of peace. We may need that soldier again—sooner or later. The "problems" of Europe are a long way from solution, in spite of successive "Conferences," and the troubles of this old country are not at an end. What is the cause of this contempt for the common soldier, "the man who won the war"? Largely, it is due to the fact that in nine cases out of ten he can never be anything else but a Tommy. His position is fixed and definite, almost inimitable. In other professions or trades, the man of energy or talent is certain to rise, and he can climb to any height. In the Army, he seldom gets out of the ranks. The defenders of the old *regime* insist that this is necessary. But it is worth noting that Napoleon, the greatest master of the art of war in the world's history, did not take this view. His men were encouraged to believe that every *poilu* carried a Marshal's baton in his knapsack, and many of his most skilful Generals rose from the ranks. Murat, the famous cavalry leader, was an ostler, while several others occupied positions just as humble. What helped Napoleon will serve us. The mandarins of the War Office have got it into their heads that the capacity for Generalship is to be found only in their own narrow class, just as the Bourbons used to believe that they alone were fitted to rule. It is an out-of-date idea that should be scrapped. In every other profession the way is open to talent. It is time that the class barriers which prevent Tommy justifying himself and showing his real worth were broken down. They have been suffered far too long and are a danger to the State. What we need, what we must have, is a National Army, free from the barriers of caste, and in which the private soldier of energy, talent and ambition, can rise, not merely rapidly but with honour, so that he can take his place at the mess table without embarrassment. Then, and then only, shall we attract brains to the Service, and it is brains, recollect, and not merely valour, that the Army needs.

New Methods for New Types.

Modern conditions of fighting obviously require enterprise, training, and intelligence, found as often in a Council School boy as in those of gentle birth. The cavalryman is not everything to-day: there is the electrician, the chemist, the motor man—all sorts of new and puzzling types that the old-fashioned gentlemen at the War Office cannot understand. The national safety and the national pride alike demand a new broom at Whitehall—we want a clean sweep of all the old prejudices, so antiquated and frosty, that have kept Tommy Atkins out of his own.

"RIGHT AWAY!"

SPREADING THE NET IN SIGHT OF THE BIRD.

Unknown, unpublished, but ambitious authors are an innocent and trustful race, we know; but it will surprise us if many of them succumb to the temptation set before them by one Basil Cartarét, of 22, Prideaux Road, S.W. This astute gentleman lately advertised:

> Required for New Publication, Light Stories and Articles . . . .

A request for further particulars brought a circular stating that the new publication is to be issued in the usual magazine form, and that: "We are devoting a certain amount of space in the First Number for the benefit of those Authors whose work . . . have (*sic*) not previously appeared in print." In the succeeding paragraph it is disclosed that "We" are not quite so disinterested as at first appeared:

> In view of . . . the great encouragement, the personal gratification, and the very real help, that publication means to an unknown Author . . . we are proposing to accept for publication, and print in our First Number, contributions, for a small fee ranging from 5s. to 30s., according to their nature and length.

A word of practical advice to all who are liable to succumb to Basil's lure—work that is worth publishing is worth paying for, and writers who pay to see their stuff in print appear before the public under false pretences. Unknown authors, keep right away from "Right Away."

FAIR AND GROSSLY UNFAIR.

STAMFORD "HEAD'S" HIGH-HANDED ACTION.

Because two Stamford Grammar School boys disobeyed an order forbidding day pupils to be at the Mid-Lent Pleasure Fair after seven p.m., the Rev. J. D. Day, Headmaster of the School, summarily expelled them. One of the lads was actually accompanying his parents, who naturally consider a great injustice has been done to their son, whose conduct has hitherto been without a blemish. The other boy, who went to the Fair accompanied by another lad, also bears an unblemished character. The Headmaster stated that he felt compelled to take extreme measures by way of example to the younger pupils, in view of the culprits' disobedience and disregard of the School rules. How far such rules are within the bounds of reason is, however, a matter of opinion. It seems an extraordinary thing that a teacher should claim jurisdiction over day boys after school hours. That is the feeling, we believe, of the parents, who do not intend to accept the Head Master's decision as final. Had either of the boys been guilty of conduct likely to bring the school into disrepute it would have been another matter. But nothing of the sort is alleged. Local opinion inclines to the belief that the Rev. J. D. Day has acted tyrannically in expelling these lads for so trivial an offence. We are wholly in agreement, and think the matter should be taken farther.

OUR ADVT. COLUMNS.

TEMPTING TIT-BITS IN TRADE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

If it's advertised in John Bull you don't need to wonder if "there's a catch in it." All "J.B." advertisements are guaranteed—which means that you can send your money to any of our advertisers in the full knowledge that it will be returned to you without quibble should you find that your purchase is unsatisfactory or not exactly as described.

Messrs. Graves, of Sheffield, advertise both cycles and stainless table cutlery of highest quality on easy payment terms or for cash.

That the Barry tailoring service claims are in no way exaggerated is evidenced by the number of enthusiastic letters received from satisfied customers which we have lately seen.

Talking about testimonials, the Maxalding advertisement on another page contains a selection which everyone—young, middle-aged or old—should certainly read and take to heart. For twelve years "Maxalding" has taught the gospel of self-cure through commonsense knowledge.

Sartor raincoats at 20s., carriage paid, undoubtedly represent marvellous raincoat value.

Save the lids of Andrew's liver salts tins. You can exchange them for handy free gifts.

Do the same with the coupons enclosed in the packets of "Black Cat" cigarettes. Many handsome and useful free gifts may be obtained in exchange.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" will be found on page 15, and in addition to these there are many other interesting announcements.

HOW I SETTLED THE MILK WAR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, M.P., MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

(In the following interesting article the Minister of Agriculture discloses for the first time the inner history of the settlement of the Milk War, in which he played so prominent a part.)

WE were threatened during the last two or three weeks with a crisis of a most extraordinary character. At a time when there was a superabundance of milk in the country there was an actual shortage of this vital commodity in London and other large towns and grave danger of a milk famine. The explanation of this truly Gilbertian state of affairs was that the distributors had suddenly dropped the price to the public from 9d. to 5d. a quart, in order to stimulate a bigger demand; but the share of the 5d. which they were offering to the farmers was such that they, the actual producers, could not make both ends meet. They refused, therefore, to send up supplies, and were prepared to carry their action to much greater extremes unless some modification of its terms was agreed upon. Fivepence a quart represents 1s. 8d. a gallon, and of this, in the case of milk delivered in London, the farmers were to receive 8d.—2d. of which went to the railway company—and 1s. to the distributors. The farmers held that this was an entirely inequitable division of the money, and they practically went on strike. They complained that the price had been dropped to the public suddenly without their being consulted, and that they were being given a pittance on which they could not live.

CONTROL INTOLERABLE.

These complaints, of course, rapidly came to the notice of the House of Commons—where a group of Members, headed by Colonel Grant Morden, enlisted themselves in the interests of the consumer. I was asked to intervene. I pointed out that I had no power. We had abolished food control even before the Food Controller himself disappeared, and I was certain that nobody wished to reintroduce full control—fixing the price of milk would entail fixing the price of everything all along the line, from the cake the cattle consumed to the milk delivered at the door of the public. This was a state of things scarcely tolerable in war and quite intolerable in peace. At the same time, I felt that the producer had a real grievance, and that serious results would follow unless some action were taken. I had several interviews with representative distributors and endeavoured to impress upon them the gravity of the situation, but to no purpose. At length, however, a move was made by the distributors, and a suggestion was put forward of a conference between the two sides; and thinking the psychological moment had arrived, I summoned six prominent representatives of the producers and six prominent representatives of the distributors to meet me at the Ministry of Agriculture on the Tuesday of last week. It was a very remarkable conference. We sat from 4.30 p.m. on the Tuesday to 2 a.m. on Wednesday, with an interval of an hour for dinner. Had I realised the length of time likely to be occupied I would have stocked the Ministry with suitable refreshment; as it was, I could not offer my guests even a milk-and-soda! At two in the morning a final compromise which I had suggested was rejected, and we therefore decided to separate in the hope that we might meet again shortly. I went back to my room to draw up an account of what had occurred, and when I was leaving the office a quarter of an hour later I found a further meeting going on in the street. It was just like the Stock Exchange in pre-war days—when the House was closed, business was done in the neighbouring thoroughfares. The fact is that both sides realised that a further effort must be made, and they agreed, therefore, to meet again at 10.30 that morning. A compromise was then reached which put an end to the war, gave the farmers 2½d. a gallon on the average more than they would have got under the previous terms, declared invalid all contracts already entered into, guaranteed that there would be no rise in the cost to the public during the months of April, May and June, for which period 5d. a quart had been announced.

PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

At an early stage of the proceedings a suggestion had been made that the difficulty should be solved by immediately putting up the price to the public. This would have been a very simple way out, but I unhesitatingly turned it down. The distributors by their own act had lowered the price suddenly from 9d. to 5d.—probably too big a cut at the moment—and had stated that this should be the rate up to the 30th June. The Government, anyhow, should not be a party to giving the farmers a bigger share of the money by taking it directly out of the pockets of the public. It is perfectly certain that the price will be raised somewhat after the 30th June, but prices generally go up in the autumn, and this is not a matter over which any Government Department has the slightest control. In the meantime, it is good to think that, without inflicting extra burdens on the public at a moment of trade depression and unemployment, the producer will receive a larger share of the profit—if indeed there be any profit at all—and that he will be willing to place his milk on the market. I congratulate all parties on the good sense and moderation they have shown.

THE SILVER LINING.

The quarrel will not be without its advantages if certain results follow. The farmers, who certainly would have suffered seriously without the settlement, should organise more thoroughly and place milk production upon a really scientific basis. They have allowed what is called the Milk Combine practically to capture the supply of milk in this country. More organisation on their part and greater loyalty to existing organisations are indeed urgently needed. The distributors complain—probably quite rightly—that many farmers send them immense quantities of milk in the summer months and scarcely any in winter—with the result that they have vast supplies to deal with at certain times of the year on which they have heavy losses, while they go short at other periods. The nutritive value of milk is probably greater at the price paid than of any other kind of food, and it would be an immense advantage if the British public consumed more. We do not in any way approach the consumption of milk per head in this country which exists in the United States. A good line to follow would be to embark on a big campaign advertising the value of milk as a food, and I think that the leading distributors and producers will adopt this plan. In the meantime, the Ministry of Agriculture are doing everything in their power to watch the interests of the public and to see that they get their milk clean, pure, and fresh, and at a reasonable price; and also that the producers in this country receive a fair share of what the consumers pay for the article. Otherwise, milk production will tend to diminish—which would be a national misfortune.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.

SLIPPERY SCOUNDREL'S SHAMEFUL SHUFFLE.

In 1910 one William Barnes, after sending his wife money regularly, ceased remittances, nor did he write her. It was eventually discovered that he had run away with a young girl whom he had debauched and afterwards bigamously married. The pair fled to Los Angeles, California, where a child was born. This poor girl-mother returned to her parents and died, leaving the girl to their care. But the depths of degradation to which this foul brute has sunk is not yet plumbed. He has actually been through a form of marriage with a third woman, and when he was located in Los Angeles had the effrontery to declare that his first wife deserted him years ago, and that he had been informed that she died in England in 1912. Further, he has applied for, and obtained, an Interlocutory Decree of Divorce at Los Angeles, and notwithstanding strong representations having been made to the police on both sides of the Atlantic, the Californian Court apparently intends to grant a Final Decree during next month. It is disgraceful that there seems to be no means of preventing such a shameful proceeding.

A LANE'S TURNINGS.

TRANSFORMATION OF AN EPHEMERAL FIRM.

Not long ago a firm of football accountants styled Gilbert & Lane, of 1, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.1, were operating in the provinces through agents working on a commission basis. One such agent sent up last February three coupons. Two of the bets on the coupons won—one at 5 to 1, the other at 7 to 1. The latter success has never been settled. Three letters and a telegram failed to elicit any response. Thereupon a call was made at the office of the firm, where it was found that Gilbert & Lane had dissolved partnership, and that Lane, associated with a man named Barrs, had taken over the office, and was running a concern called the "International Service Bureau," which offers to supply—at a price—information of use to persons desirous of obtaining "valuable passage-paid appointments abroad." When we say that the bulk of the information the firm's lists contain is already available from the London P.O. Directory, Blue Books, White Papers and Colonial and Foreign Office Reports, it will at once be evident that Lane & Barrs have struck a very paying proposition.

IGNORING THE ACT.

SUSPICIOUS METHODS OF AN UNKNOWN CONCERN.

Persons replying to a recent advertisement offering light work at 4s. an hour received a circular in the following terms from "The British and Continental Contractors (Branch Department)" of 40, Alma Hill, Kimberley, Nottingham:—

> DEAR SIR,—At the outset, if you are desirous of obtaining work with us, we must first of all secure your good faith; thus you will greatly oblige and assist us to speed up an appointment with you, if you will forward full particulars of yourself, together with £1, which of course, will be refunded per return, with all details, and an interview arranged, giving full instructions.

More follows, still in the strain of the confidence trickster, and the letter is signed (so far as can be deciphered) J. H. & T. Tett, "Directors." We will pass over the almost childish request for £1 on the promise of its refund per return, and content ourselves for the moment by asking how it is that this firm is not registered as is required by the Business Names Act—and how it is its letter paper does not state the names of its proprietors, as is required by the Act. The authorities should move without delay.

Not to be missed—JOHN BULL'S coming big surprise

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—
JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

News for Naval Officers:—At last the Admiralty has reached a decision in regard to the pay of certain naval officers retired for non-service under forty. Lieutenant Commanders and Lieutenants and similar ranks in engineering and accountancy will receive £75 a year, with £7 10s. per annum for each of their first six years' service, and £12 10s. for each complete year's service subsequently. Any complaints?

No Sinecure and Little Cash:—Weymouth Bumbles seek a Porter and Labour Master, and they graciously make a point of the candidates being ex-Service men. The salary offered, however, is £52 per annum, and the duties include bathing the inmates, hair-cutting and shaving, cutting up bread, carving at dinner, and about a dozen other little jobs, with the possibility of being called upon "to perform such other duties as the Guardians or the Master and Matron may from time to time require." A sinecure in sooth!

The Iniquitous Income Tax:—In consequence of what we cannot characterise as other than an asinine opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, naval officers in shore appointments have lately been called upon to pay income tax on their lodging allowance. In view of the fact that the allowance is made in lieu of the quarters which would be the officer's right on board ship, the demand is as unjust as it is absurd.

By Haig!:—Not long ago, thousands of ex-Service men raised the roof of the Central Hall, Westminster, with their cheers when Lord Haig addressed them to inaugurate his membership campaign for the British Legion, most of them men who had fought with him the hard, long fight of faith in France. "The ex-Service man was perhaps promised too much," exclaimed Lord Haig with sarcastic humour. "He was led to believe that if only the War could be won, life for him would be more or less one long rest billet and no fatigues." Now the promisers are talking of cutting down his pension.

Leave Alone:—We have very definite and very strong ideas about that matter. Britain has been saved. Blood is the price of Admiralty, as Kipling says, and the British soldier and sailor has paid in full. To those who have risked their lives and have fought through, whole or maimed, the country is under the most solemn obligation to repay them in full for their sacrifices; to talk of cutting their pensions on the ground of decrease in the cost of living—well, no wonder the idea excited in the audience "ironic laughter." Lord Haig asks whether £2 a week is overpayment for the totally disabled man, or 26s. 8d. for the widow whose breadwinner died for those who live! Surely to ask such a question is to answer it.

Into the Pulpit:—Men who served under Colonel W. R. J. McLean, C.B.E., during the war will be interested to hear that their old commander, at the age of 64, is about to be ordained as a curate for Christ Church, Fulham. As a soldier, the Colonel is said to have always practised what he preached, which we trust is a guarantee that as a parson he will preach what he practises.

A Salvation Army:—Six hundred thousand men, part of the real "salvation" Army which saved our country from the hegemony of the Germans, are still out of work, and, in the words of Earl Haig, the Government ought to provide it for those who are fit instead of wasting money on demoralising doles. Dole-mongering saves the Government the pain of deep thinking, but it is their job not only to think but to think fruitfully, and the British Legion are to be congratulated on their efforts to compel them to do so.

The Bantry Bombardiers:—Men of the 31st Fire Command, R.G.A., stationed at Bere Island, Bantry Bay, in the lovely land of Erin, are chafing under their constant confinement in Bere. Castletown is the nearest place "with any claim to be in the sphere of civilisation"; yet they are not allowed leave there, though there is a regular ferry service to and fro daily. What says the Commanding Officer?

Bath's Exhibition:—Residents of Bath have been recently shocked into much complaining to the local Pensions Committee that an ex-soldier, minus legs and thighs, his breast covered with war medals, has been crawling through the streets of the city in pursuit of alms. A spectacle of this kind is too much for the most complaisant. According, however, to the Pensions Committee, this public display of heartrending disability cannot be justified on the score of necessity, as not only must the man have a pension of £2 a week at least, but he can obtain free self-propulsion machines for indoor as well as outdoor use.

A Hero's Reward:—Charles Slater, of Northampton, fought bravely, and was twice wounded in Meso. and France, then served in Germany, and was eventually demobbed. But since he returned he could find no work, and had to "go on the road like a dog." In desperation, he smashed a window at the local Labour Exchange—for which offence, if you please, he has now been sent to hard labour for twelve months, and of course will be classed as a criminal for ever after. If he had been a foul wretch guilty of outraging a little child, or of torturing a helpless animal, he would probably have got off with a third of the "time," or even with a small fine, if he had had the wherewithal to pay!

"Last on the Roll":—It is a serious reflection on the gratitude of local authorities throughout the country, that out of a total of 2,839, only 1,010 are on the King's Roll, or National Scheme for Disabled Men. Those authorities who have failed to follow His Majesty's lead in this matter would do well to reflect that by joining the Roll—which, indeed, it is their honourable obligation to do—they might materially reduce the sum of unemployment in their respective districts.

Prison *versus* Workhouse:—Were it not for the stain that even a brief term of imprisonment leaves behind, we should be almost inclined to approve of the choice made by the elderly ex-soldier at Bath, who, having broken a window with the object of obtaining shelter somewhere or other, preferred to go to prison for a month rather than to the workhouse. But what a bitter commentary upon the gratitude of the country it is, when men who have served it well are faced with such alternatives!

A Privilege Withdrawn:—It is as well that it should be generally known by all who served for six months or longer during the war that the terms of enlistment into the Territorial Army have been altered as from April 1. Until that date, men who so served might join the Territorials for one, two, three or four years. The three shorter periods of service have now been cut out, and enlistment for a term of four years is the condition in the home force. This, no doubt, will simplify matters for the War Office authorities, but it is bound to react unfavourably with respect to the numbers joining.

"Woodbine Willie":—We have read with pleasure the announcement that the Rev. Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.—well-known to thousands of Service men during the war as "Woodbine Willie," and who tempered his labours as a Chaplain at the front with a rare and generous humanity—has been nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Rectory of the historic church of St. Edmund King and Martyr, Lombard Street, London. We congratulate his gallant reverence on his appointment—as, we feel sure, will all the troops with whom he came in contact on service. While the Church of England includes such stalwart Christians there is room for hope that it will recover its hold upon the people.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From B. R. H., King's Lynn: "Thank you very much for the attention you have given my case. Three days after I had written to you I heard from the Ministry. I have drawn arrears from November, and things are going on just finely. I fancy you must possess some extra strong ginger at your office, and it makes Government officials hop around some!"

For SPECIAL OFFER

OF 1/- COUPON and 1/6
MAGAZINE PROPELLING PENCIL

FREE!

See page iv. of cover.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

For Special Self-filling Model Offer see page iv. of cover

ADDRESS: Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

J.B.22.4.22

Staggering—Stupendous—Marvellous—JOHN BULL'S Big Surprise!

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

8/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

BEST and Cheapest Who'e ale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child).—Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots; Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

YOU can be philosophical about torn clothes when "Mend-a-Tear" is in the house, for it *abolishes stitches* for mending. It's ever so simple, ever so quick. Send 2d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

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ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

SPENCER ACTIVITIES.—Waterproof Sheeting, 2/6 per yard, 42 in. wide. For any purpose where an absolutely water or gas-proof material is required. Toy Balloons: The best advertising medium. The buyer advertises your goods; pre-war price, from 12/- gross. Rick Covers, Motor Sheets, absolutely watertight, 20 ft. by 20 ft., £4 10s. each; 15 ft. by 15 ft., £3 each, cash.—C. G. Spencer and Sons, Ltd., 96, Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

SPARE-TIME Money.—For a straightforward generous offer (men, all towns, U.K.), write Box J.B., c/o Dawsons, 121, Cannon St., E.C.4.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Send for Catalogue, Nottingham Net Curtains, Colornets, Fabrics, Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery.—Peach & Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide. How to commence in business with £2.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-53, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

£40 DOWN will start you in business as a motor jobmaster, with one of our Charron Taxi Landaulettes, suitable for hire anywhere outside the Metropolitan area, becoming your own property upon payment of £10 monthly for one year. Renovated like new. Really remunerative proposition. Photographs and full particulars, Harford Co., Ltd., 5, New Burlington Place (Adjoining Victory's), Regent Street, W. 'Grams and 'Phone: Regent 4090.

CYCLISTS IT WILL PAY YOU to write for free copy of our monster 144 page catalogue of Cycles and all Accessories. No other list can approach it either for bumper bargains or immense variety of contents. Finest selection of Tyres in the trade. Prices absolutely unbeatable. See for yourself. Get the book, study the bargains, compare the prices. It means cheaper cycling. Write NOW.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

TYPEWRITERS. Satisfactory and thoroughly effective machines of all makes from £5 5/-; latest standard machines, Underwoods and Woodstocks, from £13 13/-; Oliver No. 9's from £10 10/-. Every machine carries our guarantee against any imperfections in material or workmanship. Ribbons, cartons and repairs for all machines. "The largest and most responsible concern in the trade."—The Amalgamated Typewriters Ltd., 9, Newgate Street, E.C.1. (Tel.: City 4445), and 18, Liverpool Street Arcade, E.C. (Tel.: London Wall 1301.)

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CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

MORE POINTERS ON THE BARRY SERVICE

If the Barry Service were an ordinary Tailoring Service it would need to employ no fewer than

150 SALESMEN

to attend to its customers each week. Think what the salaries of this huge army would represent in the aggregate. Add this sum to the saving effected by our making our huge purchases of all raw materials direct from the mills, and one of the secrets of the Barry Service is at once manifest.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

NEXT, THE BARRY SERVICE teaches each customer how to be his own salesman. He is allowed to choose his own cloth in the privacy of his home. He is not coaxed to spend more than he intended. He is instructed how to take his own measurements with the precision of a highly-qualified tailor—and the Barry Service indemnifies him fully should the result not meet with his complete satisfaction.

A PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

All the order-forms as they are received are scrutinised carefully by one principal alone, who, at his desk, is able to attend to all those orders which in the ordinary tailoring course would involve the attention of 150 qualified people. This principal is a practical cutter and tailor with a life-time experience at his command. Added to this, there is, of course, the advantage of our "Copy Garment" Department where any client's favourite suit or overcoat may be reproduced exactly or modified at his discretion.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THE BARRY SERVICE OFFERS YOU

DOUBLE TAILORING VALUE.

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£6 : 6 : 0
ALL-WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK BLUE SERGE SUIT
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
Certified All-wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate.

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEKING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

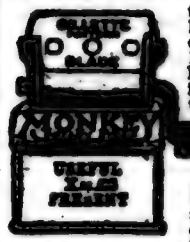
CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors
(J.B.) 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

NO MORE NEW BLADES!

You can keep your present Blades in constant use keen and sharp for many months if you use the

MONKEY STROP



the cheapest machine of its kind on the market—yet MOST efficient—putting the true keen "Barlers" edge to your Blades—both *sides at once*—in a few seconds by simply turning the handle. The "Monkey" Strop is the only strop which readily takes Gillette and *any* other type of Blade. Scores of thousands are now giving satisfaction—saving their cost over and over again. You can bring even discarded blades into perfect condition by a few turns on the "Monkey" Strop—the wonderful little appliance which is indispensable to every Safety Razor user. You may pay more for a Strop, but you cannot get a more efficient device—the new "Monkey" Strop is *perfect*.

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Complete in case, which forms a stand,
5/6 post free.
De Luxe Model with best nickel-plated case with embossed lid,
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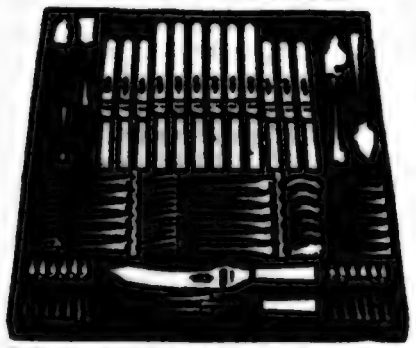

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DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for £3 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

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Service Comprises:
1 Carver | 2 Table Spoons
1 Table Knife | 1 Jam Spoon
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1 Tea Spoon | without case 90/-
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Foolscap Size to sell at 2/-, containing 40 innings
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29, King Street, Covent Gadren, W.C.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR HARRY LAUDER.

(Our tame barber handles the famous Scotch comedian upon his return from his American tour.)

COME in, Sir 'Arry! Thought it was you. Let me take your stick. . . . 'Ere, I'll 'ang it on the 'at rail, as it won't go into the umbereller stand. . . . *'Ow did I know you?* Fancy a man with a funny ole face like that arskin the question! W'y, your phiz, Sir 'Arry, is familiar as 'ouseold words, so to speak. I s'pose you want me to run over it with a razor? . . . *Rawther 'ave it run over with a razor than a traction engine?* I believe you, Sir 'Arry. You'll excuse me if I don't laugh till you've gorn. You see, I take me work serious, and if I laugh too 'earty me 'and shakes.

* * * * *

Brought any new songs 'ome with you? . . . Oh, *that would be tellin'* would it. And you ain't a'goin' to tell, eh? Would you think me rude if I was to press you, as the tailor sed to the soot? . . . Right you are, then I won't. But if you've got anythink to come up to some o' your old ones, like "Stop yer ticklin', Jock," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," and "I love a Lassie," I should be pleased to 'ear it—thet's all. . . . Razor all right? . . . Well, I'll give it another strop if you like, Sir 'Arry, but I'm afraid it ain't the razor, but your beard, wot's the cause o' the trouble. It's a bit on the 'ard side, as the new convic' sed as 'e settled down for the night. . . . 'Ow's it go now? . . . Good. Wot was thet little dispute wot you 'ad with Sir Tommy Lipton a couple o' weeks or so back, Sir Arry? Somethink about the rent of a n'ouse, wasn't it? . . . *Rawther not discuss it?* Right you are. I ain't a Nosey Parker, thank goodness. I've got me *own* bizniss to mind. Other people can git on with theirs . . . Somethink about the rent, wasn't it? . . . No, I ain't inquisitive; but you must remember you're a sort of public character, and anybody's intitled to be a bit curious about you. . . . *Course* I'll drop the subjec', if you want me to. But I could swear it was somethink about rent. Too 'igh, or somethink. . . . *Drop it?* Yes; I think thet *is* wot you wanted 'im to do, so far as I can recollec' . . .

* * * * *

By the way, Sir 'Arry, I 'ad some words runnin' in me 'ead the other day wot you might like to put to music. . . . They run like this:

W'ile settin' by the Dee-side,
W'en all the world was still,
The little lassie by me side
Sed "Stop yer ticklin', Bill.

Thet's the sorter song wot 'ud soot you, Sir 'Arry. The second verse goes like this: . . Eh? *You don't want to 'ear no more?* I see, you're satisfied with the sample. Well, p'raps we can come to terms. . . . W'ile I think of it wot about thet rumour about you addin' a codicil to your will, leavin' ten thousand o' the best to the widow of the Unknown Warrior? It's bin all over the town since you've bin away. . . . *Not a word o' truth in it?* Well, as I've got thet straight from the 'orse's mouth, I shell know wot to say if anybody springs it on me again. . . . Well, goo' day, Sir 'Arry, and everythink you wish yerself. . . . I wonder wot it reely was between 'im an' Lipton. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"CROYDON TIMES" (advertisement):—"DAILY Lady, young; must be well educated; TO SLEEP with two young children."

"LIVERPOOL DAILY COURIER":—"We must get wages down, and the only way we can get them down is by reducing the cost of LOVING."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—"Lord Curzon is STILL CONFINED TO HIS BED AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE BIG WAGES CUT."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"There was a beggar on the step . . . BLIND and leprous. . . . He LOOKED UP AT HER."

"GIRLS' CINEMA":—"'If you like,' Betty agreed, with a FINAL LOOK, OUT OF THE BACK OF HER HEAD, at Robin's darkening face."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"Jones then completely LOST HIS HEAD, and in STOOPING TO PICK IT UP, his chair tilted sideways on two legs."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN":—"BOIL it in COLD water until the peel is soft."

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 25.

The following six competitors each sent a correct forecast of the ten matches played on April 8th and therefore share the prize of £300, each receiving £50:—

ELLIS, R. R., 11, Commercial Row, Sweet Street, West Leeds;
NORMAN, E. G., 15, Bonsor Street, Camberwell, S.E.5;
ORCHARD, A. C., 10, Priory Place, Well Street, Hackney;
SAUNDERS, W. J., Marlingford, Norwich;
STEVENS, S., 157, Plane Street, Hull;
WILLIAMS, W. E., 57, Diana Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Deaths and Burials: — Still numbers of deaths occur weekly in the humblest, workless families; the bulk of the bereaved fathers having fought for us. We always give the fullest measure of help—mainly to fend off pauper burials.

Crash After Crash:—An ex-Tommy has been out of work for nearly two years. Some months ago his wife became ill, and the other day she died—just when the frugal fellow's savings had come to an end. Of course we acted promptly.

Sickness and Short Commons:—One who was a soldier is now suffering from consumption, but is not pensionable. He has a wife and child—the former is very ill. The sole income of the family is 7s. 6d. weekly, and we were not surprised to hear that neither he nor his wife could obtain necessary nourishment.

In the Pit:—After serving in the war with distinction, a poor invalid is unable to work. His disablement pension is only 7s. 6d. a week. He has a wife, also in ill-health, and two children to support. The humble home is pledged or sold down to the bare boards. The horrible wolf of starvation was in the little dwelling when we visited it.

THE CRY OF THE CHILD.

One of the most pathetic human documents we have ever received came to us last week. It was written in a round, schoolboy hand by a little fellow who pleaded with us to help his mother. She could not write herself, for the dread affliction of blindness has darkened her days. She receives the pension for the blind granted by the Ministry of Health, but apart from that has no means of support except a little outdoor relief from the Guardians. Her husband was in the employment of a well-known London firm for thirty-two years, and when he died, his scanty savings were soon exhausted. Little by little the articles of furniture were sold, and then the poor woman's personal belongings were pawned for food, down to her wedding ring—that last treasure of the humblest widow. But time waits not, even for widows and orphans, and the rent got into arrear. In spite of every effort of economy, nearly five pounds was owing, and at last an Ejectment Order was issued.

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

Picture, if you can, the distress of this poor blind widow with a weakling boy. He had been in the habit of reading JOHN BULL to her, and in their extremity it occurred to them that theirs was a case in which the "Greatest of These——" Fund might help. We have sent something towards the payment of the arrears of rent which we hope will save them from being turned into the street. During the last week, many of our readers must have heard that poignant appeal: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Do help us to help.

CLOTHE THE NAKED!

Clothing:—You men have cast-off suits; you ladies have many useful articles. Please do not sell them to the rag-and-bone merchant, who will give you "scrap" prices for them. Send them to us. We will even pay carriage if consigned "forward." You will know that you have brought joy to those who are labelled "the submerged tenth."

And for the Children:—During the past eight years, our readers have been generous in sending us useful little garments, and their gifts have brought untold happiness to very many homes. Unfortunately, there has recently been a marked falling off, and at the moment of writing we have "hardly a stitch" to send to the numerous applicants—many of whom appeal on behalf of the new born.

WITH MANY THANKS.

C. W. T. (Southampton), £5; "W.," £1; M. L. (North Lambeth), £1; M. McQ. (Phila), £1, and parcel; "Matt and Elsie," 10s.; B. B. (Manchester), 10s.; "A Wellwisher" 4s.; A K. S (Worcester), 5s.; "In Loving Memory of Rena," 4s., and parcel; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; R. L., 2s. 6d.; "Betty and Peggy" (Willingdon), 2s 6d.; R. C. S., 2s. 6d.; J. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; M. E. J., 2s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; Anon., 1s.; A. H. A. D. (Nottingham), 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; J. C. (Clerkenwell), 1s. 6d.; W. G. (Salisbury), 1s.; R. C. (York), 1s.; Mrs. K. M. B., 6d.; E. C. H. (Keighley) 6d.; E. McC., 6d.; Anon (Amiens), 20 Frs.; "S" (Londonderry), 6s.; Mrs. S. (Hornsey), 5s.; H. M. (Tunbridge Wells), 5s.; H. M. (Kentish Town), 5s.; T. E. (Walsall), 2s.; Anon (Folkestone), 1s. and parcel; "Gladys," clothing; C. L. (St. Leonards-on-Sea), £2 2s.; R. C. K. (Norfolk), 5s.; R. W. (Folkestone), 4s 6d.; M. A. (Cheshire), 2s. 6d.; E. M. H. (Stockport), 2s. 6d.; K. H. (Weybridge), 2s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser," 2s. 2d.; "Windsorite," 1s. 6d.; W. O., 1s.

Mr. F. Dunn, winner of one of the five £250 prizes in our "Bullets" Competition No. 442, has kindly sent us £10; while Mr. A. L. Desborough has forwarded us £5.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

If your landlord is a tyrant—Write to JOHN BULL about it

How to Cure and Prevent Rheumatic Pains, also most Internal Troubles

By BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS
(in an interview).

FAMOUS BOXER AND FORMER PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR IN THE ARMY, GIVES SOME SOUND ADVICE ON HOW TO GET FIT AND KEEP FIT.

I have proved that without the aid of Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates training is indeed a wearisome business. Ball-punching, rope-skipping and road work are all very essential, but the after-effects—unless the greatest care is observed—often leave the athlete or boxer completely exhausted and in a worse physical condition than when he commenced the day's work. I, personally, take every morning before breakfast a small amount of the Alkia Saltrates powder dissolved in a tumbler of water, and find that this habit ensures freedom from internal troubles altogether. When in active training I also insist on Reudel Bath Saltrates always being added to the water for both my hot bath and my cold sponge, to prevent muscular aches.

Billy Wells

The use of these two preparations, Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates, will keep anyone free from all internal troubles, aching muscles, etc. As a gymnastic instructor in the Army, I found rheumatism to be one of the greatest enemies my pupils had to contend with. Middle-aged men, often living under somewhat damp conditions, fell easy victims to this complaint, also to stiff joints or sore, aching muscles, due to other causes. I, therefore, always endeavoured to impress upon them strongly the value of drinking Alkia Saltrates water regularly and taking frequent hot baths in water containing Reudel Bath Saltrates, both as preventive and as curative measures. Both preparations are obtainable from any chemist.

Athletes and soldiers alike are always subject to various internal troubles. Though these may arise from widely different causes, the remedy, as a rule, is the same. The regular taking of Alkia Saltrates water as a morning tonic and system-cleansing draught will serve to soon remove any trace of congestion or acidity, as well as to ensure the clearness of eye and brain, without which efficient work of any kind cannot be expected of anyone.

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SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

The Complete Service delivered to all approved orders for £5- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of £5- if entitled. Service comprises:—6 Table Knvs, 6 Dessert Knvs, 6 Table Frks, 6 Dessert Frks, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 2 Table Spns, 1 Salt Spn, 1 Sugar Spn, 1pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spn. Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, ivory grained Ivorette handles. Spoons and Forks of Columbian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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By STUART MARTIN.

IT is the duty of every parent to know the true facts about the Mormon menace. At the present moment an insidious propaganda is being carried on in our midst which vitally affects the safety and sanctity of family life.

"THE MYSTERY OF MORMONISM" is written by one who has actually lived with the Mormons in Salt Lake City. It contains actual photographs hitherto unpublished and authoritative information about the secret rites and dangerous creeds of this strange sect.

A confidential letter, specially written on the Mormon Menace, together with a few selected extracts, secret diagrams and hitherto unpublished photographs, will be sent

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FREE to the GREY-HAIRED

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a Paris physician now serving with the French Red X). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind, or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

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Sent in plain sealed envelope from Secretary, INECTO RAPID, 114, North Audley Street, London, W.1. (near Selfridge's).

How You Can Be Ready When YOUR Chance Comes

A position of great responsibility was to be filled. Several men in the establishment hoped for the promotion. But there was one man who had prepared—and who was ready to make good. The General Manager had been watching him.

"That man," he said, "can MANAGE. *He can plan and execute. He knows how to analyse and make a decision. He has judgment and vision. He can inspire and control men. He is the man we need in this position."*

And that man, who had mastered the principles of brain- and will-development, and learned how to apply them in business, was given the position.

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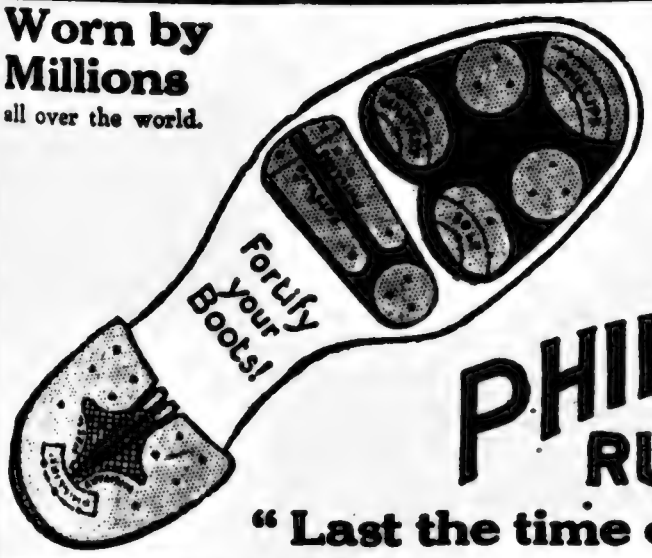

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"Last the time of three."

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

N. N. (Cheltenham).—"I had never heard of Birth Control till you mentioned it." Trust no complications.

"RANKIN."—"JOHN BULL is the only paper I find commonsense in." And yet there is not a more modest Editor in London.

M. C. T. (Southsea).—"I hope you are all well." Nicely, thank you, except for one or two of the junior staff who are sickening for their summer holidays.

Miss E. A. K. (Bognor).—"Do you ever attend Church or Chapel?" Frequently, and behave ourselves quite nicely.

A. M. R. (Saxmundham).—"It seems that those with the fewest brains get the best jobs." Don't be rude.

H. J. A. (Paignton).—We entirely agree with you as to the importance of early rising, which, if we may say so in all modesty, is our own estimable habit.

C. J. (Deptford, S.E.).—"What is old England coming to?" Better times, unless we give way to despair.

M. R. R. (Basingstoke).—"I suppose it is not usual for a woman to write to a man about this subject at all." Perhaps not, dearie, but we have a beautiful mind.

Mrs. G. (Yeovil).—"I am sure my husband would never put anyone in my place, no matter how long I was away." Curiously enough, it has always been our good fortune to inspire a like implicit trust.

"EX-SOLDIER."—Very sweet of you to offer "to meet us on any London platform," but first of all we must know what you want to talk about. And mind, no squealing when we've wiped the floor with you!

"STUDENT."—We are at a loss to know why you should describe us as "a friend of the Papacy." Our aim editorially is to hold the scales evenly between the rival religious bodies.

"ORANGE BOX."—You are sadly mistaken if you assume that journalists as a class "get their livings easy." If you saw our staff—and they knew you were looking at them—you would alter your opinion.

A. B. (London).—Your story of the man who did without his brains because he found a job in a Government office is one that tickled us in our cradle.

"READER" (Stamford Hill).—We cannot quite make out in whom you are "still believing." If in us, you are on a winner.

"RED INK."—We like your Limerick about the P.M.G., especially the last line, "John Bull's trade he's hustling to hell away." Well thought out!

"MOTHER OF THREE."—We note that some of your neighbours "never get up to get their children off to school." Far better to tell us than make a song about it over the garden wall.

A. V. D. (Mablethorpe).—"None of us know what we can endure till we try." That is true, as our charwoman remarked on her silver-wedding day.

J. T. W. (King's Langley).—"A man does not want a perfect angel for his wife." On the contrary, he is generally satisfied if she is loyal, affectionate, sweet-tempered, industrious, respectful, and up with the lark in the mornings.

C. T. (Huddersfield).—We agree that there is still a good deal of profiteering at the railway station buffets. Fine mess they'd be in if the travelling public signed the pledge!

E. M. (Windsor).—You are correct in your statement that the stipend of the Archbishop of Canterbury is £15,000 a year; also in your quotation from the Scriptures that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

M. C.—"A good servant values her honour." She does, and if she doesn't she's a bold, bad hussy.

P. E. (Richmond).—"Let me know what you think of these few lines of poetry." They remind us of Milton in their lack of rhyme, and of Tennyson in their purity of intention.

Mrs. C. E. (Newbury).—Whatever you did it was very rude of your husband to call you "a little messer." Did you sauce him back?

P. U. (Droitwich).—We believe it is the general rule that patients in asylums are not allowed pens and ink, but whether it is "because they might swallow them" we are unable to say.

T. H. H. (Preston Park).—"I hope this letter is good writing and well constructed." Not 'alf.

Mrs. R. T. (Chatham).—We gladly accept your word that "the biggest women are not always the best." But if they do happen to be nice, there's more of 'em.

"GREENCAP" (Uckfield).—"You must understand that a mothers' meeting is not like a Freemasons' concern." We accept your assurance and ask no questions.

"PENSIONER."—"It takes a long time to eat a crust when you haven't a tooth in your head." That's what Euclid called an axiom.

C. R. R. (Nottingham).—Although obliged by your offer, afraid we have no use for a bottle of malt, unless you could have it made into beer.

"SPHINX" (Birmingham).—"If you beat ink into a froth, would the froth be black or white?" Try, and tell us.

"LITTLE COMFORTER."—Glad to hear that when you saw the kiddies skipping on Sunday you "never split to their mother." You seem a nice sort at a distance.

"SPUDGER."—"The way is hard, the road is long, and so I sing my little song." That's all right as long as you shut up now.

O. M. (Barmouth).—Your boating experiences sound most exciting. Don't catch cold.

G. W. (Oxford).—"Do you ever fancy you can hear voices in the wind?" No, and if you do you should stop at eight.

"NEW POOR."—"The only reason I have never sent a contribution to the 'Greatest of These—' Fund is that I had no money to send." Most gladly we accept the will for the deed.

"X. Y. Z." (Ipswich).—We should not personally describe "talking in church" as a "sin," but you should not bawl loud enough to drown the sermon.

G. B. S. (Carlisle).—The salary of the Prime Minister is £5,000 per annum. As to what it ought to be, some people think ten thousand or more a year, and others thirty bob a week.

T. G. G. (Luton).—You doubtless were somewhat at fault in asking the shop assistant for "a soft man's collar," but he needn't have been such a silly ass.

"MINER" (South Wales).—"You would not understand the pitmen's language." Perhaps not, but don't forget that our office abuts on Covent Garden.

"JOKER."—Thanks for funny story about the egg and the banana. Did you ever hear the one about the girl and the groundsel?

Mrs. V. F. (Winchester).—Afraid we cannot suggest how your daughter can "widen her experience." At least, we could, but we wouldn't.

C. J. N. (Burnley).—"Is it true that before now letters have been written in people's life-blood?" We have heard so, but pray don't slit an artery on our account.

S. D. (Uxbridge).—"I do my washing in a very original style." That doesn't matter as long as you soap your ears.

M. F. (Beaconsfield).—"I leave it to you to knock this story of my life into shape." Sorry, but afraid you have not been half wicked enough to make it interesting.

"TOP NOTCH."—"If a brick weighs seven pounds and half a brick, what does a brick and a half weigh?" Our junior clerk was instructed to find out for you during the Easter holidays, and is now laid up with brain fever.

"MATADOR."—"If only some strong men would brush away the cranks we might get a move on." If that is a subtle compliment to us we blush and bow.

"VECTIS" (Newport).—We strongly advise you not to touch Danish Colonial lotteries in any form. Information regarding French Government Bonds can be had from any banker.

F. A. F. (Pulborough).—"A widow I went to see yesterday looked quite radiant when I came away." She might at least have had the manners to conceal her feelings.

J. T. E. (Malmesbury).—We quite agree with you about the asylums. By the way, you need not apologise for your letter being no more than thirty pages long, provided you will promise to write regularly every week.

K. W. (London, S.W.).—Your two maids would certainly have been ill-advised to allow a strange man to arrange a holiday at the seaside for them. But as they didn't there's no crockery broken.

R. K. (Glasgow).—"It seems to me these revolutionary agitators have no brains." Neither would you if you lost your head.

"ONE OF THE PUBLIC."—Thanks for figures regarding the price of soap, which we have audited and found correct. All the same, you must try and keep your neck clean.

T. G. L. (Bristol).—"You are aware of the position I have been placed in for the last seven years." We are not, but should love to know now you have tickled our curiosity.

J. E. F. (British Army of the Rhine).—We hereby inform "The Three Graces," of Brighton, who recently wrote to us on the subject, that you are "a young fellow seeking a nice sporty girl." Afraid your address is a bit disappointing.

"WALLFLOWER" (St. Helens).—"I am a lifeboatman's daughter——" From all you have told us lately you seem to have more fathers than any respectable girl ought to own.

T. U. (Shrewsbury).—"What's the difference between a tinker's cuss and a tinker's damn?" None that we know of, except that one is a shade more ladylike than the other.

Mrs. A. S. (Sussex).—Much interested in the account of your *tete-a-tete* with the fishmonger. Better keep him at arm's length if you wish to avoid suspicion.

"TOM FOOL."—"Are rabbits vermin?" They are, but not in the same sense as the smaller carnivora you possibly have in mind.

Mrs. K. S. (Norbury, S.W.).—You should not take it unkindly because the lady next door said she "wished she had your face." Perhaps her husband had been admiring it.

M. O. E. (Eastbourne).—"I wish you were a little more sweet on lady doctors." But you must not attempt to dictate the course of our affections.

"SUNNY JIM."—"They say you should say what you mean and mean what you say." But not in the presence of ladies.

B. K. J. (Penzance).—"I suppose your staff keep visitors at bay." Not if we want to see them, or there's a most unholy row.

Mrs. T. A. (Maidstone).—Sorry to hear your husband is so "lacking in sociability." Perhaps he's more at ease with strangers.

A. S. B. (Berwick).—"I have been a "life abstainer." Anything else to brag about?

B. G. M. (Staines).—We see no objection to people sleeping on Sunday afternoons, provided they don't lie about where others may fall over them.

"BRITISH WAR VETERAN'S WIFE" (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—Sorry to read your bitter attack on the British Monarchy. What harm has it done you?

"PARISHIONER."—It showed admirable presence of mind on the part of the clergyman who, before a "silver collection," announced that "paper would be accepted." Trust you brassed up like a Briton.

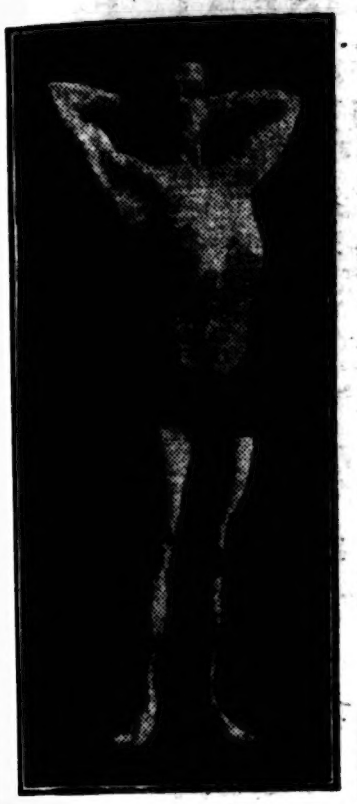
M. T. (Finsbury Park).—Sorry to say that your "happiness chain," which was to "go twenty-four times round the world," has had the misfortune to fall into our wastepaper basket on its first trip. Do find a sensible hobby.

"NUTCRACKER."—Bit out of date, aren't you, in referring to Sir Herbert Kitchener? Been to sleep since the Diamond Jubilee?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Shakespeare *said* "Throw Physic to the Dogs"

(Thus the greatest brain of all time anticipated MAXALDING)



MAXALDING

Why take Drugs? Why remain Unfit?

MAXALDING

Drug taking means the beginning of defeat. The whole Pharmacopœia does not contain such perfect chemicals as those that are developed in your own body. Why weaken, upset and disturb them?

SURELY THE ARCHITECT OF THE HUMAN BODY KNEW HIS WORK!!!

DRUGS DO NOT, CANNOT AND WILL NOT CURE ANY FUNCTIONAL DISORDER.

DRUGS of average strength often have to be taken in ever-increasing doses, proving that they **ACTUALLY WEAKEN** the organs and do not cure. **Self-dosing** undermines the vitality of the body, and causes severe cases of the dreaded **NEURASTHENIA** which **MAXALDING ERADICATES UNDER STRICT GUARANTEE.**

FOR 18 YEARS MAXALDING HAS TAUGHT THE GOSPEL OF SELF-CURE THROUGH COMMONSENSE KNOWLEDGE, NOT BY FAITH.

MAXALDING HAS ACCOMPLISHED BY CORRESPONDENCE THE WORLD OVER what have been termed miracles, when **DRUGS**, the antiquated **PHYSICAL JERKS** and **APPARATUS METHODS** have alike **FAILED.**

During the last few weeks **MAXALDING HAS PUBLISHED** a greater number of testimonials, and **MORE WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS** than all the other Physical Culture Teachers combined.

NOBODY HAS EVER CHALLENGED THE FOLLOWING GREAT CLAIM FOR MAXALDING THAT HAS BEEN CONTINUALLY MADE THROUGH THE PRESS BY MR. SALDO. BECAUSE IT IS UNCHALLENGEABLE.

I, Monte Saldo, am prepared to prove before any tribunal of Medical men that MAXALDING is the MOST CONVENIENT, the MOST SIMPLE, and the MOST EFFECTIVE METHOD of SECURING AND RETAINING HEALTH AND STRENGTH ever discovered. MAXALDING is a combination of all the movements that the human body is capable of making. In organised sequence it contracts, relaxes, stretches and controls every muscle-group. Most of the exercises aim at correct position, which once attained may be retained with but one performance of that particular exercise every 24 hours. Briefly the muscle-group has been fully stretched, contracted, relaxed and controlled without loss of energy, for the energy is expended into the body itself, ENERGY-CONSERVATION, CONTROL OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS, the DIGESTIVE and ALIMENTARY TRACTS, are accomplished facts in Maxalding.

READ THE OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE GIVEN BELOW, typical of letters that arrive by every Post and Mail.

(1) Age 75. "**I have not that tired feeling** that I used to have when walking. I am feeling benefit from Maxalding."

(2) Age 64. "I am able already, thanks to your exercises, to be sensible of an **improvement in my general health.**"

(3) Age 60. "I have mastered all the exercises, **progress is exceedingly good**, and **I feel quite fit.**"

(4) Age 56 (lady). "**Progress is beyond my expectation. I was becoming a wreck.** I have done ————'s exercises, but yours are far ahead of them. I recommend them to everyone I can."

(5) Age 55. "I am much better; am **scarcely troubled with the bowel-flatulence**; within the last three weeks have **gained 4¼ pounds weight.**"

(6) Age 54. "I thank you for the real benefit received. The words of an old song put the case very concisely: 'My clothes are growing tighter: the sky is growing brighter: I feel six inches highter . . .'—since Maxalding."

(7) Age 51. "I desired to be **relieved from Constipation** from which I had suffered for many years. **This result has been achieved.** There is a marked improvement in general health, and **even the muscular development is noticeable.** The claims you make appear to be justified."

(8) Age 49. "The exercises have **given me zest and energy**, which apart from health is a special benefit in these troublesome times."

(9) Age 48 (lady). "**Neurasthenia better.** I feel more supple, less heavy in my movements, and **walk straight without effort.**"

(10) Age 47. "Appetite improved and steady. **No attacks of 'sinking'** as I used to have. **Digestion improved** and **Constipation disappearing.**"

(11) Age 44. "I have derived **great benefit mentally and physically** from the course. Thanks for the great trouble you have taken."

(12) Age 44. "Much improved in health. **Indigestion disappeared. Nerves are much better, and I feel more energetic.**"

(13) Age 44 (lady). "I am progressing nicely. **I gained 3 lbs. since the first lesson.**"

(14) Age 44. "**Constipation cured and Indigestion much improved.**"

(15) Colonel, age 44. "**I consider the exercises** as laid down by you **superb for the body.** I have discussed your extraordinary system with my officers, and some of them propose enrolling as your students. They are interested in the **wonderful difference in me already.**"

(16) Age 42. "**Neurasthenia cured.** Great improvement in general health—**absence of all attacks of depression, and great improvement in muscular power.**"

(17) Age 41. "I have **not been troubled with the constipation** for the last two months, and that without adopting any special diet. When I took up the course **I was sceptical, as I had been troubled with this complaint since youth.**"

(18) Age 41. "**Constipation cured. Sleep more refreshing**, and I do **not feel fatigued after undue strain** as I used to."

(19) Age 41. "I feel a great deal better and have **gained seven pounds in weight.** The exercises are very interesting."

(20) Age 39. "I have put on muscle and **weigh 16 pounds heavier. Reserve energy** has **greatly increased**, and I can indulge in my favourite sports without any ensuing feeling of exhaustion."

(21) Age 39 (lady). "**Constipation cured**, and I am improving daily in general health."

(22) Age 39. "I have **gained 7 pounds in weight. Bowel action** is now **thorough and regular.** Circulation has shown a marked improvement. **I do not mind turning out in the morning**, and I have quite lost the tendency to mind-wandering."

(23) Age 36. "It is only three months since I started, and **the development is great.** Maxalding is the finest thing I know. **Muscles have** grown and **developed beyond all recognition.**"

(24) Age 36. "Health has improved wonderfully. **I have gained five inches on chest** and other increases in proportion. I shall always recommend Maxalding."

(25) Age 34. "**Constipation cured**, and I have **gained about 10 lbs. in weight.** I am now able to lift and carry greater weight than before."

(26) Age 32. "**My confidence** which was almost nil, **is now great.** I have **not had a recurrence of mental depression** for weeks. My **Nervous system**, to my great joy is **getting stronger every day.** Sleep better; health better, & step more buoyant."

(27) Age 28. "Development is improving rapidly; **mental concentration good**; insomnia, **depression** and languor **vanished** and **replaced by almost dynamic energy.** You have my eternal gratitude."

(28) Age 28. "**Never felt so fit and confident** all my life, and **I have gained 10 lbs. in weight.**"

(29) Age 26. "I am improving in every way, and now weigh 9 stone 8 pounds, **an increase of 15 lbs.**, and enjoy much better health."

(30) Age 25. "**Neurasthenia cured.** My friends ask me what has come over me **I am looking better and walk better.**"

(31) Age 25 (lady). "**Constipation is cured.** Your course has made me feel stronger, alert and more energetic. **Mind and body are improved immeasurably.** I take great delight in carrying out the lessons."

(32) Age 24. "I am **surprised at the vast difference** your Great Strength Course has made in me. **My chest has increased six inches.** I am sleeping well, and rising fresh and ready for a good day's work."

(33) Age 23. "**Indigestion has ceased**; **appetite increasing.** I am **beginning to lose** that **feeling of fear** that I experienced so much. **The head pains** have **entirely vanished.**"

A FREE DIAGNOSIS of your case together with an interesting and remarkable booklet, explanatory of MAXALDING, will be sent Gratis and Post Free to any part of the world.

Apply by Postcard, Letter or Coupon. If the latter, please underline your requirements, FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, and post in an open or sealed cover according to desire.

I desire to eradicate CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, NEURASTHENIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LACK OF ENERGY, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, LUNG WEAKNESS, SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS, SLUGGISH LIVER, DEPRESSION, LANGUOR, EMACIATION, THINNESS, OBESITY OR .....

I desire to develop great nerve control and vitality.
I desire to secure great strength and endurance.
I desire to develop great speed for sports.

Date.....Name.....

Address.....

A. M SALDO, MAXALDING, 62, Cranbourn Chambers, Leicester Square, London, England.

2nd Prize £20
10 Prizes of £5
10 Prizes of £2 10s.
25 Prizes of 10s.

"BULLETS" £250 FIRST PRIZE

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £10
100 Prizes of 5s.
500 Prizes of 2/6
2000 'TARGET' PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet: Wife Threes Until Later. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 445.

UNDER RED FLAG	A GOOD BRITON	FREE TRADE	PUBLIC DANGER
WORSE THAN PARNELL	AMUSING BABY	HARD	RAGS AND TATTERS
CRYING FOR MOON	WE ALL IMAGINE	A BAD NAME	HUSBAND'S DUTY
HOPE FOR THE BEST	BEARING FRUIT	SMART FIGHT	GETTING YOUNGER
ARMS AND LEGS	WORSE FOR WEAR	IN THE END	CAN'T GET WORK
BETWEEN THE ACTS	SLIPPERY PATH	BARGAINS	FAMILY DOCTOR
WITHOUT A FRIEND	LOOKING ON	SERVED HOT	DAILY STRUGGLE
MASTER OF SITUATION	SAVING TIME	UNREST	CHEAPER BEER

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(445) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(445) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 445. "John Bull." Long Acre. London. W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(445) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(445) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 445.

THE BUDGET—THE BEST INSURANCE—PLAYING CRICKET—UP IN THE AIR—JOHN BULL—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—HER HUSBAND—MAKES PREMIER SMILE—UNDRESS UNIFORM—THE LATEST CRAZE—GETTING BETTER—AT BORSTAL—CRUMB OF COMFORT—LOWER TAXES—SCOTCH AND IRISH—WHEN TRADE REVIVES—MODERN CHILD—IN WRONG SHOP—WHILE HONEYMOON LASTS—A LARGE FAMILY.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MAY 11th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 445 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 445, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 445.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 443 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

Result of 445rd 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. A. McCRONE,
24, Acton Street, Middlesbrough.
Example:—Good Thing If.
Bullet:—That Shilling "Comes Off."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Sergt. W. RILEY, "E" Coast Battery, R.G.A., Gaiety Camp, Verne.
Example:—The Old School.
Bullet:—"Rock" Against Revolutionary "Wave."
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Miss CONSTANCE E. WOODFORD, 120, York Road, Woking.
Example:—Angling..
Bullet:—With Taxpayer As Worm.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
F. W. Thomas, Chester Road, Eccleston, Nr. Chester: Too Free—Premier's Translation Of Confidence.
W. E. Hambley, The Bungalow, Charsfield, Nr. Wickham Market, Suffolk:
Vote-Catching—Calling Sunset "Glorious Dawn."
Mrs. R. Buck, 14, Albion Terrace, Gaywood Road, King's Lynn:
Vote-Catching—Slogan "Free Breakfast Table."
T. W. Ellerton, 98, Campbell Road, Stoke-on-Trent: Sure Thing—Twice Two, Except Legally.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)
E. C. Cook, 23, Lilyville Road, Fulham, S.W. 6: Sure Thing—American Bridegroom Answers Clergyman.
J. Smith, 25, Edkin Street, Workington, Cumb.: In The Kitchen—Future Government's Fate Decided.
Aubrey Wilkins, 29, Fairbourne Road, Tottenham: Doing Good—Auto-Suggestion When Nothing Wrong.
H. H. Bunch, 64, Graham Road, Tottenham, N. 15: Cut And Run—Our Empire Policy Nowadays.
R. A. Pulford, 68, Hollystone Lane. (Please send full address.)
A Pretty Penny—Profit Each Handler Adds.
G. Harding, 30, Portsmouth Road, Guildford: A Pretty Penny—Globe-trotting, Unless in Khaki.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:
R. Faithorn, 32, Hugh Road, Small Heath, B'ham: What Women Wear—Each Other's Reputations Threadbare.
J. H. Royds, 285, Gt. Western Street, Manchester: Lady's Companion—After Modern Marriage—Solicitor.
J. T. Eldrett, 34, Garfield Road, Ponders End, Middlesex:
New Toy—Some Referees Think Whistle.
E. Starbuck, 25, Prospect St., Radford, Nottingham: On The Way—Labour Acts—Future Defends.
J. A. Dare, 3, Julia Terr, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset: Spoilt Kid—Very Rarely Old Soldier's.
A. Hunt, 1, Bedford Road, Clapham, S.W. 4: Dear And Cheap—Nicer When Neither.
M. Holmes, 21, Portland Road, Southall, Middx.: Gay Deceiver—Of Herself, Dope Victim.
Herbert Victor, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex:
Giving Him Socks—Nigger Prefers To Bible.
M. Taylor, 65, Oakwood Road, Birmingham: Whip Round—Referee Wouldn't Get Much.
G. R. Rirkup, 73, Fern Dene Rd., Gateshead-on-Tyne: Monday Morning—Saturday Evening's Sparring Partner.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 445 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."**

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premiums charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed £5 per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To ..... Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
April 22, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent of

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....
Address .....
Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Home Address .....
April 22, 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

The original cheques for £250 each awarded in "Bullets" Competition No. 442 can now be seen in the windows of the following newsagents:—

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son,
Boscawen Street,
Truro.

Mr. Barkes,
New England,
Peterborough.

Mr. Mason,
4, Yukon Road,
Balham, S.W. 12.

CUP FINAL LAST WEEK £1,000 MUST BE WON FOR CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT COUPON WITH RESULT and ATTENDANCE CUP FINAL LAST WEEK

This week we offer the huge prize of £1,000, which MUST BE WON, for the correct or nearest correct forecast of the result and attendance at the Cup Final between HUDDERSFIELD and PRESTON NORTH END.

NO GOAL SCORES ARE REQUIRED.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to give the result of the match and the number you think will attend. This Competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "John Bull" and the "Sports Pictorial."

The £1,000 prize will be awarded in accordance with the result and attendance published in "The Sporting Life" of Monday, May 1st.

RESULT AND ATTENDANCE AT LAST TEN CUP FINALS.

	Attendance.		Attendance.
1912 Barnsley drew with W.B.A.	54,434	1921 Tott. Hotspur beat Wolves.	72,805
1911 Bradf'd C. drew with New U.	69,098	1920 Aston Villa beat Hfld. Town	50,018
1910 New. U. drew with Barnsley	76,980	1919 Sheffield U. beat Chelsea	49,457
1909 Man. U. beat Bristol City	67,651	1914 Burnley beat Liverpool	72,778
1908 Wolves beat Newcastle U.	74,967	1913 Aston Villa beat Sunderland	120,028

The above results and figures are taken from the "Athletic News" Football Annual.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" and "SPORTS PICTORIAL" announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary hand-writing (typewriting and pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result and attendance at the Cup Final to be played on April 29th. If no competitor sends a coupon with both these forecasts correct, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of a coupon containing the correct result, and the most nearly correct forecast of the attendance. If for any reason full time be not played, the result up to half-time will be taken as the result of the match. The correct result will have priority of claim over figures of attendance. In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be equally divided. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000.

(3) Any coupon which has marked upon it more than one cross or on which no cross is marked will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, April 27th will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this Competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Football Competition 25 appears on page 16.

Cut out coupon neatly and address all entries as follows:—Cup Final Competition, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

COMPETITORS CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. SCOTTISH AND IRISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

"JOHN BULL" FREE CUP FINAL COUPON.

HOW TO FILL IN YOUR COUPON.

First make a careful study of the results and attendance at the last 10 Cup Finals, then, in one of the three spaces below, put an X in ink to indicate the result of the Cup Final and in the space headed "ATTENDANCE," write in ink the number you think will attend.

ONLY ONE X MUST APPEAR ON EACH COUPON.

HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON NORTH END

Closing Date, Thursday, April 27th.

TO BE PLAYED AT STAMFORD BRIDGE APRIL 29th, 1922

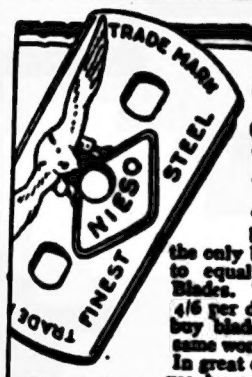
HUDDERSFIELD WIN	PRESTON N. E. WIN	DRAW	HUDDERSFIELD v. PRESTON N. E. ATTENDANCE Write Figures NOT Words.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUP FINAL.....



Save 2/6 on every Packet!

The finest steel "Neiso" Blade has been proved to be the only blade on the Market to equal the real Gillette Blades. Therefore, why pay 4/6 per dozen when you can buy blades that will do the same work for 2/- per dozen? In great demand. Already in use by over 250,000 clients. Send stamped addressed envelope for free testing sample. Also, send cash with order to

"Neiso" Blades of finest steel for all Gillette Type razors.

2/- Per Doz. Post free.

CARROY'S 8, The Arcade, Liverpool St., E.C. Money returned if not satisfied

Trade enquiries, special quotation for quantities. Apply to Army and Navy Novelty Co., 116, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

HIRODS ASTHMA CURE

4s. 2d. & 7s. AT ALL CHEMISTS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Gentlemen's Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Gentlemen's Footwear. Wool Scarfs, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records. Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Carpets and Lino, Pottery & Ornaments, etc. Great variety. EASY TERMS

A Delightful Tennis Frock

is the first of

3 FREE PATTERNS

to be given away inside the issues of "EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY"

(1) *Tennis Frock — April 24th.* (2) *Blouse—May 1st.* (3) *Blazer—May 8th.*

EVERYONE is a little tired of last season's tennis frock. The inevitable belted chemise frock, though particularly comfortable, has been repeated *ad infinitum*. This frock is a charming change of design, while retaining the loose comfort of its predecessor. Collars are to be fashionable this summer, and the sailor type is always a much-liked variety.

You are certain to like this dress and the other two FREE patterns given away inside "EVERYWOMAN'S." Place an order with your newsagent.

£250 House of Furniture for Nothing . . .

Look out for a Special Offer coming shortly.

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY

The Ideal Weekly for the Thinking Woman.

EVERY MONDAY.....2d.

6

COMPLETE FILM STORIES

Get into the habit of reading regularly the 6 complete and beautifully illustrated film stories in "PICTURES." They are not only a capital index to the best films to see, but they will greatly add to your enjoyment at the movies.

May Number on sale Thursday, April 20. Order TO-DAY.

PICTURES THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

64 Pages—All Photogravure—4 Colours

Monthly — One Shilling.

Pictures is a sister publication to the "PICTUREGOER."

THIS PENCIL GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE!

This is the handsome 1/6 Magazine Propelling Pencil, same size as illustration, complete with refills, which we give you absolutely free to further introduce the JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen, illustrated below.

This is the famous "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen, hand cut, beautifully chased, safety cap, solid 14 ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, same size as illustration, price 8/9, equal to a pen costing 17/6. GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

GRAND FREE GIFT!

"JOHN BULL" OFFERS YOU COUPON CASH VALUE 1/- and a 1/6 MAGAZINE PROPELLING PENCIL *Absolutely Free!*

THIS offer, made to further popularise the famous "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, has met with such an overwhelming response, that we have decided to extend it until the end of the month.

The 1/- Gift Coupon above will be accepted in part payment of the "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, regular price 8/9, equal in every respect to pens selling at double the price. In addition you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the handsome Magazine Propelling Pencil illustrated. Orders will be executed without delay in strict rotation. Fill up the coupon below now, and send it together with 7/9 and 3d. postage and insurance.

READ WHAT THESE DELIGHTED USERS SAY:

Colchester.

SIR,—Many thanks for "J.B." Pen to hand which suits me very well. It is a marvel how you do it at the price considering what other makers are charging.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. A. L.

R.A.S.C., Kantara, Egypt.

DEAR SIR,—I honestly think that the "JOHN BULL" Pens are worth double their price, and I would have no hesitation in recommending them to my friends.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) PRIVATE J. H. D.

Coldharbour Lane, S.E. 5.

DEAR SIR,—My pen is giving me supreme satisfaction, and I consider "JOHN BULL" Pens are marvellous value. Their smooth, easy flow makes writing a pleasure.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) B. H.

Melton Mowbray.

DEAR SIR,—I am more than pleased with my "JOHN BULL" Pen, for it certainly is a real bargain.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. V. W.

FREE GIFT COUPON.

To the MANAGER, JOHN BULL Pen Department,
97, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I enclose Gift Coupon and Cheque/P.O. for 7/9. Please send me by Inserted Post a "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, together with FREE Gift of Propelling Pencil. I require Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.
(Strike out words not applicable).

*NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Date .....

*Write in PRINTED LETTERS. J.B.22.4.22

The famous "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Pen in action! A touch of the lever and the Pen is filled.

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